



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

A railway trip from Buffalo to Toronto on a Sunday is one of the most aggravating experiences to be met with this side of the poverty-stricken sections of the Sunny South, where jerk-water railways lose business in competition with Mules and Malaris. I sometimes make this trip because I have either to suffer or lose a day, but I write of it now, not that I desire to have the time table of the Grand Trunk arranged for my special benefit, but because the treatment of those entering Canada at Suspension Bridge is a scandal to the country and causes more evil to be said of our city as a proper place for tourists to visit, than anything else I know of.

Our Yankee neighbors are used to as good railway accommodation on Sundays as on week days, and when setting out for Canada are not unlikely to start from New York, Boston or other large centers for a day of rest in a Pullman Car. Leaving New York at six o'clock they may reach Hamilton quite early in the morning, and must wait there till seven o'clock at night for a train to Toronto. If they take the 8.30 p. m. train from New York they reach Buffalo at eleven Sunday morning, wait till one p. m., loiter at the Bridge, reach Hamilton at three or four and start for Toronto at seven. At each of the places named they must change cars, lugging their baggage from one train to another and watching it like a hen doth her brood, unless ten cents for each package is paid at the parcel office. The Grand Trunk appears to be entirely careless of the comfort of those who are forced to use its lines on Sunday, though of course the pretentious Puritanism of the people who are continually inveighing against Sunday trains and street cars must be blamed for a part of the trouble inflicted on those who are forced to spend the Day of Rest in the most miserable manner conceivable. Yet the Grand Trunk might easily provide a through parlor car from Buffalo, where one's hand-baggage could be left in charge of a porter, and thus prevent all the changing, work and worry now incident to the trip; furthermore, they could run a train from Hamilton to Toronto to connect with the one from the Bridge. But they won't do it! They will do nothing to accommodate the public! The through cars from Toronto to New York are properly the enterprise of American roads, but decent treatment of passengers dumped at the Bridge and awaiting transportation to so important a point as Toronto, is the Grand Trunk's affair. Regard for the Sabbath cannot be claimed as an excuse, when train loads of passengers are conveyed over the road at the company's convenience, and the public's inconvenience, on Sunday. Fifty or one hundred theatrical people were left loitering about Canadian railway stations last Sunday, each one anathematizing such management of a railroad, and as these people travel all over the United States, one can easily imagine the harm they do to both the Grand Trunk and the country it is supposed to serve.

In the waiting-room at the Bridge the question was being discussed, and there was a general expression of joy that the expected construction of a branch of the Canada Pacific would soon put an end to such a state of affairs. When the Grand Trunk has a competitor of course it will brace up and give the traveling public better service, but it will be too late. The people have suffered too long to forget the road which cared nothing for their time and comfort.

Astonishment is sometimes expressed at the phenomenal success of the C. P. R. in competition with the Grand Trunk. It is all to be accounted for by the dislike the public have acquired of the mean methods of the old road when it had no competitor. The lines from Niagara Falls to Hamilton and from Hamilton to Toronto are doubtless the most lucrative portions of the Grand Trunk system, and they are the ones where the passengers are most kicked around when Yankee enterprise does not provide through cars. If, however, the managers of the Grand Trunk could hear the expressions of delight over the prospective construction of a C. P. R. branch to the Falls and a fast through service to New York, they would "get a move on themselves," and that right quickly.

Every Canadian will be glad to hear of the purchase by the Allan Line of seven of the State Line steamers, some of them amongst the best of the Atlantic fleet. The same line have ordered a new "flyer," and it will not be long before the service via a Canadian line from Montreal will attract business which now goes almost altogether by way of New York. Thursday night week the West Shore and Erie through cars went out of Toronto crowded with passengers, nearly half of them bound for the Old Country by New York. It is inconceivable the loss this is to Canada. It is helping to build up

New York at the expense of Montreal and our own sea ports, yet it is too much to expect the individual to sacrifice time and comfort by taking the old Allan liners. What Canada really needs is more McKinley Bill, a stoppage by Washington of the bonding privilege, and we will wake up to the necessity of building up our own sea ports and utilizing our own steamers. Now that the Allans have awakened up on one side and the C. P. R. have undertaken a first-class service on the Pacific, it begins to look like the establishment of a different order of things, and if our neighbors want to help us the best thing they can do is to get ugly and make it hard for Canadians to do business with or through their country.

I think we should always be careful not even to seem to disparage our Yankee neighbors, for as a rule they are bright and pleasant people, keenly alive to such opportunities as suggest money making, hospitable and generous personally, and as individuals are much more desirable as neighbors than they are nationally. Many of them living in Canada have been quick to see the possibilities of our country, and with one of these I had a talk last week. "Of course you know I am a Yankee," said he, "but I do business in Canada and think I can appreciate the position you people occupy. I have no love for your annexationists, I dislike them as I did our Copperheads in the time of our war. Com-

shly failed to discriminate in favor of her colonies. The present policy of both countries is likely to lead to an estrangement. If she treats us no better than the rest of the world treats us, taking pay for defending us by trading off our rights, then we can do no better than treat her as we treat the rest of the world, and get even with her by trading off her rights in this domain for such advantages as may offer. This seems to be the position of Goldwin Smith, and an attitude which seems proper and patriotic to those who are lauding his work.

I do not believe that either the English or Canadian people will accept such a contemptible estimate of their impulse. I do believe that in the next five years we shall make history very rapidly; that when the problems of our national future present themselves squarely and pressingly, we shall decide promptly and righteously. That such a decision shall involve the disintegration of the Empire, is not only absurd, but revolting; and yet it can be nothing else if Goldwin Smith and his party are correct in their estimate of what is "ridiculous, disgusting and phantasmal." If the chief self-governing colony breaks away, with her coal stations and alternate route to India; if, indeed, this great colony is forced away, is it likely that Australia, South Africa and India can be, or will be, retained?

It is a question, not of creed, but of manliness. The habit is not confined to one, but to the many.

The Roman Catholic vote being the most cohesive in Toronto, as well as elsewhere, has to be looked after. It is in no greater need of recognition than any other minority. Following is a quotation from what is presumed to be the organ of Mayor Clarke and his friends:

IN MEMORIAM.

The Council's Resolution Regarding the Late Father Laurent.

Mayor Clarke, Ald. Saunders and City Clerk Blevins formed a deputation from the corporation which waited on Archbishop Walsh yesterday afternoon, and presented his Grace with the resolution adopted by the City Council on December 22 last regarding the death of the late Vicar-General Laurent.

The resolution was in the form of a handsomely bound and beautifully illuminated volume, and was presented by the Mayor, who made a few appropriate remarks on the loss sustained through the death of the universally respected prelate. The Archbishop replied, thanking its deputation and the Council for the remembrance.

It will be observed to have emanated from the council which Mayor Clarke controlled. I do not object to the sentiment. The fact that the council observed during his life and recognized at his death the conduct of a good man, is not offensive, but it is noticeable that Protestant clergymen have died and been buried, and their good deeds

ness and his successor could not be nominated by the bereaved heart of the public. There seems to be no more opportune time than this to recall the memory of a much loved man, when the power of the city, forgetful of aught but votes, is devoting itself to honoring another worthy man whose life was at least not superior to the excellent preacher against whom nothing could be said except that he may have done as all the ministers of the honored denomination are permitted to do. I like and respect the Catholic clergy. They are men of the world. Father Laurent as a musician, as a man, was worthy of all the respect shown him. Father Jeffery was not so highly cultured, but, in the best sense of the word, a cosmopolitan. He loved the human family; he mourned, as few men mourn, the wife that fate took from him; he idolized, as few men idolize, the babe that was left to him; he ministered to the wants of the public, lingered by the bedside of the sick and dying, spoke comfort to those who feared death, while, as he once told me, he himself was "lonely, oh, so lonely." Poor Father Jeffery, lovable as a husband and father, as a man; blessed as a minister, gentle, kindly and comforting as a friend, may we not drop a tear even now, over his grave, though the City Council have tears and comfort for none but those who have left influential executors.

I am glad to see that the Mayor has not been unseated. The verdict of the presiding judge seems to be, as others have put it, "Not guilty, but don't do it again. Pay your own costs for seeming to be guilty." The Master-in-Chambers may give such a verdict, and even those who wish to see Mayor Clarke retired from public position will not be sorry. Time and a continuance of his office until the end of his term, are all that can be necessary. Just now a competition for the place would be an unfortunate thing. It is better to have the mayor we have and have him finish himself and exploit all the devices of the office grabber, than to disturb our affairs by a spring-time or mid-summer election. We have just had an election which has quieted public business. We want no more.

I am not an authority on real estate and with two or three exceptions have never written about it. Yet in those isolated instances I took great pains to find out facts, and do you know that finding out the facts is the hard work of writing. It is very easy to skate over the depths of a subject on the crust of popular ice. It is hard to put on the trappings of the diver and suffer the inconveniences of going into the depths and seeing things as they are. I have been asked, not once nor a dozen times, but two score or fifty times, to express an opinion with regard to real estate as it is now. There is nothing against it. There is no reason why real estate which was worth fifty or a hundred dollars a foot two years ago, should not be worth more today. What we have to examine is whether values were inflated in the past. I have taken some pains and believe that Toronto prices were never inflated except in the remote suburbs where town lots should not be for sale at all. In the center of the city, in those districts where the unstretched imagination can conceive of dwellings being built, prices have never been abnormally high, and have neither gone up nor down during the past year. In the center of the city property is worth less per foot than in any place of similar size with which I am acquainted, and I know of no one who is making a struggle to unload it.

"Are we having very hard times?" "How do you find business?" "How does this spring compare with other springs?" These questions are being asked by everybody of everybody else, and I can answer every question favorably as far as my personal knowledge and enquiry goes. I never saw Toronto streets so crowded as they are now. One does not meet mendicants as one does elsewhere. Everybody seems to have something to do. The streets are not clean, yet there is an effort perceptible towards cleanliness. The water is bad, yet the city has not accepted bad water as a permanency. We try to right ourselves where we are wrong. The people are here, they are coming here. The city is so large that it is a magnet which can attract from every other urban and town center in the province. It shan't be long before we have ocean steamers at our wharves, whether the ship ways are built by convict labor or by contract. Toronto is bound to grow. Its future is the future of Canada. It is the center of journalism, thought, education, law, jobbing, and everything which attracts attention to a city. People who fall in small places come here and are forced into enterprise. People who succeed in small places come here and make their new ventures. General university education has extended but a medium distance, yet those



COMPANIONS.

mercially speaking they are wrong; what Canada needs is not annexation or commercial union, but more population. If there is any way of filling your North-West, it will solve the whole question. Annexation will not give you the people, but if in the next ten years you fail to get the population, annexation will be the result." I hope that we shall get the population; if we fail I fear his prophecy may be fulfilled. A nation, like a business, cannot stand still; it must either go forward or fall back. If England gives us a chance by a slight tariff advantage, we can fill our Northwest; if Smalley, the New York correspondent whose work has been confused with an utterance of the London Times, is right in laughing Imperial Federation out of court in chorus with Prof. Goldwin Smith, the isolation and disquiet of our people will make it impossible for Canadians to preserve the loyalty, which as expressed by Sir John Macdonald seems to the correspondent "rather ridiculous and slightly disgusting. If because we are attached to Great Britain and her institutions, if because we glory in a share of her glorious past and hope to have a share in her imperial future, we become objects of derision and disgust, in the contests to come who can hope that a wave of public opinion or such a manifestation of affection for the Mother Land as caused Sir John's return to power, shall again save Canada from a commercial, or even a political alliance with the United States?

The Times approves of Goldwin Smith's sneer at Imperial Federation as a "phantom policy." Then is not Britain's imperial future a phantom? Downing street cannot have an India or an Ireland in America or Australasia. Our trade policy may not suit England, England's trade policy does not suit us. We may have selfishly failed to discriminate in her favor; she has as sel-

Canadian Independence is suggested. If Imperial Federation be "a phantom policy" what is Independence? It has been the dream of young Canadians, but it is a vision of the past. Complete autonomy we have, and must always have, but that we could increase our liberty or be safe from internal dissensions, or foreign aggression by endeavoring to establish a separate nationality, has but to be discussed in the light of recent events, to be found exceedingly difficult. If delegates from the various provinces were to meet to form a national constitution, the weak trades and vicious compromises of Confederation would be statesmanship beside the feeble and ephemeral result of provincial dickerings. Or if the delegates were strong and insisted on forming a nation on proper lines, the caucus would end in a fight, and one section would rule the other as Russia rules Poland, with a club. Sentiment is scarce enough in Canada without Goldwin Smith and English scribes poking fun at it. It won't stand much musing over.

Toronto is known all over the world as a Protestant city. Ignoring Belfast, it is quoted in encyclopedias as the capital of Orangism. Within the memory of man it has not had a Roman Catholic mayor, which is no credit to it, as many Roman Catholics may have come into the City Council and gone out of it unworried for their exertions. What tires me is to see men who lead a lodge life of Protestantism and a public life of Catholicism. To be more explicit, it is wearisome to see a man obtain prominence by Orangism and to make himself a permanent pensioner on public funds by pandering to Roman Catholicism. It would be just as distasteful to any decent person, if this city were Roman Catholic, to see a man obtain position by being a Roman Catholic and endeavor to maintain it by sacrificing his principles and pandering to the Protestants.

have been interred with them while the City Council have not taken pains to "walk." It is not long ago that brother T. W. Jeffery, a Methodist parson, died. I am not infatuated either with Methodism or with its preachers, and those who have read these columns can scarcely claim that I have gone out of my way to do more than justice to them. Yet poor Jeffery died and there was no procession. His life was a poem, perhaps in the rough Walt Whitman style, but a beautiful episode in the ordinarily unlovely history of mankind. No poor man was ever turned from his door, no unfed beggar slammed his gate in anger, no unsolaced sinner was turned from his study door, no night was too dark, no life too unlovely to seek from the gentle Methodist parson something to cheer it through night or down to the gates of death. Forgetful of public criticism, he would lug stoves or stove pipes through the street, a basket of food, a bag of flour, a scuttle of coal! It could not disturb the dignity of his lovely life even though he carried them through the public street. The worth of his sermons, the beauty of his character, the single-heartedness of his life, the purity of his impulses, the godliness of all that he did seemed to perish with him, and no City Council stood by his grave or waited upon the presiding elder. Father Laurent was doubtless a good man, but he was not so beloved by the poor, revered by the rich, listened to by all as was Father Jeffery, yet the Methodist divine went down to his grave without a word of sorrow officially spoken by the city of Toronto, in which his good deeds, his sacrifices, the heroic heartedness he did for Christ's sake were most marked. When he died and newspapers were saying pretty things about him in an apologetic tone, I was silent, for it seemed to me that the time to speak of the lovely life he lived was when people began to miss him, when his life and his example were fading into forgetful-

who have made their little fortune come here to spend it and to educate their family. Almost everything of a city sort, conspicuously worthy of mention, in the province, is in Toronto. This city is not greedy but simply attractive. It pays more taxes, has less representation, is more overlooked officially than any other. Yet unobtrusively, naturally, permanently it is attracting population. Its greatness is assured. It has no competitor. Protection must develop one great city in the province. It surely can afford to develop two in the Dominion. Toronto and Montreal are mentioned in no category with others. Montreal will be our New York until ocean ships can pass it. Toronto will be the Chicago of the north no matter whether ships pass it or not. It will be the New York and Chicago both if ocean steamers can reach our wharves. There is no Canadian future like ours, no home life so pleasing, no educational opportunities so wide, no attempt at cosmopolitanism such as can be obtained here within the limits of Canada. Art, letters, science, everything is making its center here. Business, manufacturing, retailing, wholesaling, everything must have its center here, therefore we may be assured that our future is not uncertain. Speculation may have delayed, it may have advanced our prosperity, but the greatness of Toronto is secure and everything that is within Toronto must not only hold, but advance its value. A very good sign is the fact that nothing has retrograded. Even the outside properties are firm at the figures of their holders. Toronto's greatness can neither be made by a railroad, diminished by the removal of a factory, stopped by the machinations of a man or by an incompetent council. It is beyond all these things. It is great, and therefore, real estate within its legitimate borders must be valuable. If there are some who can't hold their property it is the misfortune of themselves and the city that they bought it; if some of it has to be sacrificed it will be hard on the holders, but it can't ruin Toronto.

In Manitoba the re-election of Attorney-General Martin is significant that that western province intends to adhere to the policy of secular schools inaugurated by him. Though Portage la Prairie gave him only sixty-one of a majority, it is in excess of his previous plurality, and we may expect Manitoba to insist on her right to legislate for herself. The fact that the bishops and archbishops of Canada have memorialized the government asking for the disallowance of the Manitoba School Act, which practically abolishes separate schools in that province, enables us to realize how deadly an opposition to such reforms will be manifested by the Catholic church in every province. It is to them not merely a matter of policy, but of expense. If they cannot have separate schools supported by the state, they will have parochial schools supported by those who will be taxed for public school purposes as well. One cannot but admire the insistence of the religious organization which refuses to put the education of its youth in the hands of those appointed by the state. If I were a Catholic and believed that outside of the pale no one could be saved, I have no doubt but that I should sympathize with their anxiety to retain entire control of the children of their communicants. Yet it seems to me possible to retain them without dividing the community into separate factions which must necessarily separate them socially from all other classes. Rome thinks differently, and to a greater or less extent Rome rules the world. No country can be found in which her organization is not perfect, and if she does not hold power she aims to hold the balance of power. In Canada Rome so nearly holds power that her demands are almost universally granted. In the matter of the Manitoba schools disallowance is almost impossible, or I fear it would be inevitable. The material is so inflammable, the ties which hold the prairie province so slender, that no liberties can be taken with the prejudices of the electorate. They are not deeply concerned religiously but they are in the pursuit of liberty, and to achieve this they deem it necessary that the community shall unite on an educational plain and maintain its unity against sectarianism.

I imagine that the interference of the bishops and archbishops in this matter, while it may not excite Protestant resistance, will alarm a very large section of the electorate. We do not admit as a people, that the road to heaven has any toll-gate upon it where clerics shall demand a confession of faith, in default of which the wayfarer shall be diverted to the woods. It must always be possible to have religious instruction imposed by private zeal upon a portion of the community, but it should always be at the expense of the zealots. Those who are superstitious or deeply pious are the victims of many efforts to remove money from their pockets to that organization which is supposed to superintend the proper removal of their souls from this world to congenial quarters in the next. It is not the intention of this article to obstruct the purposes of those who are endeavoring to shape the lives of mortals and to uplift the thoughts of those who desire to live. I believe in another world and a happier one, and thank God, and hold that it were better not to have lived at all than not to live again. No one can deny the utility of the religious organizations which, by their ministrations, make the people of to-day better than they would be if they lacked such instructors in the beautiful idea of right living here and of living eternally.

As far as a state is concerned, as far as we as citizens of a country can be concerned, education, either secular or paid for by the state, must be confined to the idea of improving citizenship. We cannot unite on a doctrinal method of making each voter sure of heaven, but we can unite on a system likely to make each voter more fit for earth. It is for this improvement of citizenship and the proper enjoyment of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness by each individual, for the fostering of that which is good within us and the repression of what is bad, that we have government, and it is only by sticking to earthly matters that we can unite in insisting upon a government satisfactory to all. If the Roman Catholic church be-

lieves that this government is incorrect, it has the privilege of removing its supporters to such countries as may entertain a different idea as to the purpose of citizenship and the chief ends of being. Where Romanism has worked its system without opposition it has been such a dismal failure that now in Roman Catholic countries religion has less to do with politics, and with the most approved methods of advancing civilization, than in those lands where the church holds the balance of power. In such places they are strong because they can influence votes.

It does not follow that doctrinally they may not be right, or as near right as any organization can be right which is worked by human beings, as all revealed truth is common to the world and must be interpreted either by a school of theologians, or by the individual, privately or corporately. No one has a right to claim infallibility, and it is plain that no interpretation of any one school of theologians shall be forced upon a community, or any section of the community. That the tax payer and the tax-gatherer must combine to propagate what a college of bishops may consider necessary for the salvation of a soul, has become an absurdity, and nowhere is its absurdity more generally acknowledged than in those countries which are purely Roman Catholic and where secular education is now insisted upon, not as a trick of politics, but as a public necessity.

It seems most astounding to me that in Canada, with the history of the world before us, we can be tortured by a recurrence of questions which in purely Catholic countries have been settled decades ago. How may we account for it? If Catholic countries refuse to continue the clerics as arbitrators in educational matters, by what possible hocus pocus is a divided community, a community in which Protestants are in the majority and Catholics in an aggressive minority, able to maintain a system of separate education which has been discarded where Catholics have been unembarrassed by Protestant factions? What can be more apparent than that in Protestantism there must be an intolerance deeper than even that most intolerant impulse which hates Rome and Romanism? When a community becomes divided and Protestants are in the majority, and separate schools and theology find so great scope there is no argument in the world which can prevent us from arriving at the conclusion that the majority of Protestants are separatists in their methods, that they add, by a division of the community and a tendency towards absolutism in religion, a power to Romanism which it cannot obtain when Protestant influence is absent. Separatists do not believe that "United we stand, divided we fall." They urge that it is untrue with regard to religious education. Protestantism stands united nowhere; Catholicism with its universal oneness, can be found at its best where it is aided by the competition and the absolutism of Protestantism which leads Catholics to become content by seeing the mental slavery of so many of their "heretical" neighbors. Where it is united its influence is lowest. Where Protestantism is strongest, a little band of Catholics well distributed through a number of constituencies find a power which cannot be obtained in a Catholic country.

It may be urged that the disunion of Protestants is the reason why power is thrown into the hands of a united minority. The reason is to be found in the intolerance of such Protestant bodies as profess to believe that the salvation of souls is their first aim, while the building of churches and the filling of pews can be proven to be their most earnest endeavor. Our Presbyterian brethren believe, according to their creed, that a man was born to be saved or damned without even the gambler's chance of tossing a copper or the drawing of lots, yet they are the greatest offenders in insisting that whether a human being is to be damned or saved he must be prayed for and preached at on Sunday and taught Biblical truths in the public schools. The absurdity of teaching a man or a child the catechism when his destination was decided millions of years ago, needs no comment. What it is desirable for us to observe is that it is these absolutists which give Catholics power. They are the ones who largely, if not almost entirely, by demanding religious education from state authorities, remove the whole question from the ethics of citizenship into the indefinite Puritanical and sometimes Pharisaical region, where neither elector nor parliamentary representative can be truthful or valiant without incurring the hostility of a sect. It now belongs to such a sphere of religio-political buncombe that no matter what the religious belief, personal devotion, or thorough conception of public well impels a man to believe in secular education, the moment he demands that the state authorities separate themselves from sectarianism, he is classed as an unbeliever, an infidel, a pagan, and a person to be ostracized by every one of decent impulse.

I have received from my friend the Q.C. the following letter, which speaks for itself:

MY DEAR DOB—In your last issue of SATURDAY NIGHT, in speaking of a post we met while passing through Texas, you say: "My friend the Q.C. was innocent enough to leave the train and visit with him a couple of days. The fare was dreadful, the ranch a vast waste of cactus plains, the post himself the last man who should be given charge of a commercial enterprise."

Unintentionally no doubt, you put me in the position of having accepted the hospitality of a stranger and having gone away to complain of himself and the character of his entertainment. Do me the favor to insert the following facts in reference thereto:

The post boarded at a hotel within about two miles of the nearest part of his ranch. I was only indebted to him for kindness in driving me over the ranch and showing me the stock thereon. I was not his guest at the hotel, and the fare which "was dreadful" was only a sample of a back country Texas hotel. The post himself treated me with every kindness, put himself to inconvenience to give me a couple of days' shooting, and was generous and hospitable, as I have ever found Americans to be. As to the country of Texas, a matter of common interest, allow me to quote a few lines from a lately published poem by the same poet, describing it. Omitting the negotiations by which his Santitas Majesty became the owner of the whole of Texas, with *caveat* *blanket* to do as he pleased, it proceeds:

"He began by putting thorns on the trees
And mixed up the sand with millions of fleas."

He scattered tarantulas along all the roads,
Put thorns on the cactus and horns on the toads;
He lengthened the horn of the Texan steer,
And put an addition to the rabbit's ear;
He nurtured a demon in the Broncho steed
And poisoned the feet of the centipede.
The rattlesnake bites you, the scorpion stings,
And the mosquito fights you with buzzing wings;
The sand burs prevail and so do the ants,
And those who sit down need half-soles on their pants;
The best in this summer's one hundred and ten,
Too hot for demons and too hot for men."

The extract is a short one but contains a good deal of description.

I remain,
YOUR LATE TRAVELING COMPANION.

Last Tuesday the *News*, rushing to the assistance of its progenitor the *Mail*, saw fit to deny a statement made by me last week. For obvious reasons I have an affection for the *News*, and have tried to treat it fairly, if not generously, though occasionally finding it necessary in my work to criticize articles which have appeared in its columns. In what I wrote last week I referred to the original founding of the paper, not to its present management. What I said I am prepared to prove, and though the task will be an unpleasant one if the denial of the charge is repeated, I shall proceed to undertake it. I happen to know that the article in question was written in the absence of the editor of the *News*, and shall not consider the untruthful and unjustifiable things contained therein to be the opinion of the paper unless they are endorsed or reiterated by some one who has authority to speak. With regard to the attack upon myself and my record, it would be easy to reply in the same bitter strain, for when it comes to a competitive examination of records I do not fear the result.

EASTER WEEK

CHILDREN'S PARTIES

Our Friends Away—Our Neighbors at Home

How Toronto Makes its Amusement—A Minor Chord in the Song

A smiling little postwoman in a very large hat brought me the daintiest little missive this morning. "Look inthide," said she, proudly—and I looked. It was the quaintest little greensaw sketch of a small creature addressing a row of other small creatures in these words: "Please come to my party!"

And when I had unhesitatingly accepted, and the little woman had trotted off, I began to muse over the idea of children's parties in general. "From four to seven" reads my little hostess's invitation, and the first thought I have is that a children's party should never be later than that—just a very little dissipation and break away from bed hour, which of course everyone knows is, in a properly regulated nursery, not very long after chicken roosting time. It is not difficult to plan the entertainment of little ones who have been kindergarten in school hours. They entertain themselves generally with songs, games, quaint fancies and original ideas. What a difference these few years of that blessed system have made in the "wee!" So they dance and sing, and fly as birds, and hop as toads, and growl as bears, until "tea" is announced. I am hoping just now that my small hostess is going to have a birthday, because then I shall see the birthday cake, with its six little candles—eight—and shall have the fun of blowing out my candle to her future happiness.

I was bidden to a birthday party some days since where the little ones danced a set of Lancers to their own singing. The idea was evolved from the fertile brain of a kindergarten teacher, who has arranged the instructions for the figures to be sung to the old Lancers music. The children learned in no time, miles of three becoming quite *au fait* at the business, and one of them promising to instruct his Presbyterian grandmother as soon as they returned home! The expression of the grandmama, and the earnestness of the small boy was one of those pretty things one seldom has the good luck to see.

And then the "tea," with its miniature dishes and dainty jellies and bon-bons, and, oh! the calm contempt of the universal "No, thanks," that greets the homely first course of bread and butter! I saw it go round a table of twenty little epicures one evening, and was very much tickled to observe the tactics of the maid who carried the despoiled plates. She quietly whispered to the first refusal as she began her second tour, "Bread and butter first, miss!" and twenty comprehending little scamps obediently emptied her plates. And aren't we big children just like them? Eager for the summery, the dainties, the sweet things of life, until fate sends forth her penetrating whisper of "bread and butter first."

Everything for the children's tea party should be dainty, and such harmless dainties as will not "bring repentance on the morrow's morn." And we be to the greedy boy—the "stuffer," if I handle the goodies. It is mistaken kindness that makes me groan, which urges, "Just another slice," on the willing but over-loaded youngster, and many a headache and sudden outburst of cussedness follows on the too hospitable hostess' repeated repining. One grievance the children sometimes have, and it was thus comically stated to me by a small boy last week: "We were having a lovely time, when a lot of big folks came in, and they were real rude!" I opened great eyes of unbelief, when he continued earnestly: "Well, you told me it was rude to make remarks about people's clothes, and say they were pretty or ugly, and to ask too many questions to people about themselves, and that's just what they did!"

Grandpas and grandmas, uncles and aunts, don't you think that little chap was about right?

The first annual reunion of the Ermine Club was held on Easter Monday evening, at the

residence of Mrs. McDonald, 241 Sherbourne street. Those who enjoyed the privilege of attending this initial party spent a most delightful evening and united in determining that though the first, it should not be the last of the entertainments given by this club. Among those present were: Misses Dodds, Mulkins, Halliwell, McFall, Alexander, Biggar, Walker, Platts, O. Platts, Cook, E. Walker, Wallace, Winfield, McDonald, Bull, Hartstone, Hawley, Taylor, and Messrs. Reburn, Gowan, Allan, Saunders, Lindsay, Holcroft, McDonald, Smith, Eaken, McEachran, Shaw, Egan, Hall, Davies and Wilson.

Miss Edna Percy of Nanapanee is the guest of Miss Kelso, Rose avenue.

Mrs. G. T. Blackstock has left for a summer sojourn in Europe.

Dr. William Osler of Johns Hopkins' hospital, Baltimore is visiting his brother, Mr. B. B. Osler.

Mr. James Ryrie sailed on the Germanic last Wednesday. Business and pleasure combined take him to Europe.

A pleasant evening's entertainment was provided by the Alpha, Ontario and Toronto Lodges of the Knights of Honor last Monday evening. The programme was composed of songs, addresses and selections by the Taylor's Safe Works Band. Bro. T. West occupied the chair.

I was afraid, on Wednesday, to ask any artist man or woman what had become of the fancy ball for fear they would say in a silencing manner—April fool! but really, I am rather cross with them for playing upon my credulity and setting me all agog about nothing! Only a society editor knows what a bonanza is a fancy ball. The pretty dresses, all new, all interesting, can be freely described and commented upon without wounding the most sensitive or shrinking *debutante*, and we have so few interesting social events to write about in the demisation. Perhaps that explains the collapse of the fancy ball, just that it came too late in the social year for a great effort. Some of our most energetic fashionables are already on the wing to the continent, some are packing and bidding farewell. To the novice the thought of the trip is all absorbing, while to the more *blase* it still brings care of preparation. And for this reason, among others, the evening to which I was looking forward has gone by without the sound of the dancers' tripping feet and the sight of their brave array. Ah, well. It will come with Christmas, promise those who know, and let us hope it may prove worth the waiting for.

It is with sorrow we chronicle the death of Mr. W. H. C. Kerr. His literary and professional abilities have made him known to our people, and his financial ventures have left our city many handsome landmarks. To the church of which he was so devoted a member, to those of us who were fortunate enough to count him as a friend, his decease, after months of invalidism, brings many regretful thoughts, and to his family we offer our most sincere sympathy.

The last At Home of the season, given by the bachelors of the Queen's Own, was held last night at their rooms, corner of Church and Colborne streets.

Mr. Frank E. Galbraith left on Monday for Europe. His destination is Paris, where he intends making an extended visit.

While this week's notes on society's doings are being printed, I hope to be enjoying the sweet singing and artistic playing of the Wednesday Musical Club. Next week I hope to be able to tell you all about it.

Mrs. E. H. Duggan received her many friends on Thursday evening.

Little Miss Parsons of Ontario street entertains her friends this afternoon.

Rev. T. C. Street Macklem sailed for England on Thursday, where he will rejoin Mrs. Macklem and tour for a couple of months. We wish the rector of St. Simons all the pleasure and interest possible in his well-earned holiday, and hope to welcome him and his charming wife back in due time to our midst.

The president of the Toronto Vocal Society has just returned from a delightful week of Wagner opera in New York. No one in Toronto could better appreciate such a feast of good things.

Miss Eileen Kertland entertained her youthful friends last week. Ten little tell-tale candles twinkled on her birthday cake, and ten times ten good wishes blew them out.

A small, but enjoyable tea was given last Monday at the residence of Hon. Charles Pope. Among those present were Messdames Merritt, Cosby, Armour, Crowther and Holland, Misses Rutherford, Cawthra, Dick, Ross, Fraser, Smith, Spratt, Greene, Bunting, and Messrs. Howland, Vickers, Jones and Ross.

Mrs. Dr. McFarlane's pretty tea was well attended in spite of Wednesday's wretched weather. It was strictly feminine, the hostess relying on her more intimate friends to see after the comfort of her guests. Such charming cavaliers are certain to make everyone happy and at home, and I spent a pleasant

(Continued on page eleven.)

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She—Yes, and you said over and over again that you would be happy with me if I hadn't a cent. Well, I haven't a cent.—N. Y. Weekly.

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Boudoir Gossip.

I remember once, when I was quite small, being sent away to school, far away, and for months and months.

The first morning, when I came up from breakfast, I was forced to enter the large schoolroom alone, and announce myself to the teacher.

I pushed the door gently open and walked blindly in, saying in the most unnaturally deep bass tones:

"I AM THE NEW GIRL."

The girls laughed quite out loud. It was so near holiday time that laughing came easy, and I glared at them in speechless rage and mortification. I have always fancied it was my deep toned voice that upset their risibles. Therefore, I feel so safe and happy to only have to write my announcement, dear readers,

"I am the new girl."

"Talking about Irishmen," said the professor, meditatively, "did you ever notice that an Irishman's first impulse is to agree with you, while a Scotchman's is to contradict you, and really now that he puts it so— isn't it true?"

I was at a very crowded church last Sunday—a church all athrob with the happiness of Easter morning. There were banks of lilies and roses and all pure, sweet, white blooms—and delightful music and hearty responses—and there were two people who talked. I wonder if they knew how wicked they were? And are they to be charged up to their account or to mine, those "thoughts which arose in me?"

The sprightly five o'clock tea flourishes like a green bay tree, in season and out of season. If one assembles congenial people and limits the number, or even in a crowd, has regard to the eternal fitness of things in grouping one's guests, what more charming than the glowing lighted parlors, the merry hour of chatter, the informal sitting in and flitting out, after a taste of the sweetness and light.

Appropos of five o'clock teas a learned friend told me the other day that I should find a description of one in the paraphrases of the Psalms of David. I looked in the psalm he indicated and found this:

"Who in their hearts mischievous things
Are meditating ever—
And they for war assembled are
Continually together."

I was much interested in hearing Mr. Houston speak to the Wednesday Reading Club, upon the Education of Women—some happy little hits and some sensible suggestions caught my ear. I was especially taken with his plea for education instead of accomplishments, for which latter, he frankly assured us, men cared but very little. His picture of the unfortunate little being, who, with no music in her soul, is forced to pound out scales and exercises by the hour, and after years of daily penance, gets married, and "gives up her music," led, amid many deprecating smiles, to a serious consideration of the waste of time and patience, and the wear of nerves which such a proceeding involved. One could scarcely help calculating how many sciences, or languages, or how much literature one could have made at least a bowing acquaintance with, in all those dreary hours of drudgery passed on the piano stool.

Mr. Houston went back a decade and told us the history of the struggle for admission into our University made by the first four plucky women who entered therein as students, and he predicted a hundred fold increase very soon for the present class of seventy-five; and the sister of one of the noble four sat by and smiled happily, and we all agreed in doing honor to them. Education, independence, self-respect, and one fanned Edward Bellamy's daughters already peeping the earth!

"Do you sing?" asked a society belle of a young German at a musicale the other evening. "But a very little, madam." "Just for your friends?" she sweetly queried. "Not at all, madam, for mine enemies!" answered the Teuton, with immovable gravity.

Do you know that there are a number, a great number of girls, in age ranging from sixteen to thirty, who endure days of slow wretchedness, with apparently many material blessings and hosts of companions and friends. If you do not believe this, open a correspondence column, confidential and genial and helpful, and see how many appeals you will get for a diagnosis of the disease of unhappiness from the pens and hearts of "our girls." They tell you that they are lonely, tired, irritable, sick of themselves, etc., etc., and ask you "for gracious sake" to tell them what is the matter with them. Very wretched, is it not? and we are apt to say hastily "Silly things!" but isn't it better to try ever so feebly to help them out of their misery? It is too simple, is it not? Something to do, or something to love. Those two will cover almost everything. No time left for morbid self-deprecation, no place left for the ache of an unsatisfied heart. You, Mademoiselle Forty Thousand, yawning in your beribboned chair, writing to SATURDAY NIGHT on scented paper, with a monogram and a crest! Something to do! You, Miss Maid-of-all-work, plodding along among strangers, whose faces you know, but not better than the painted pictures you seldom dust in the grubby sitting-room. Something to love! Notice, I don't say somebody, that were sometimes playing too dear a game for you, poor lonely child, but something—a bird or your own, a dog, yea, even a kitten to purr and cuddle beside you in your loneliness, and listen with solemn winking eyes to all your grievances, until you burst out laughing in her face. Her calm content and unfailing energy will somehow soothe and brighten you, soulless little feline as she is, and you will find out how much you love her, when the butcher's dog chases her and well nigh shakes her to death before you.

You will probably not try this medicine, mademoiselle, but live on discontented and grumbling, a martyr to yourself alone; but, oh, my sister, there are the sick, the sorrowing, the hungry, in even the smallest community, and they hold in their wretched hands the cure of your disease. Go and buy it from them—with, not your gold, but your shrinking, your effort, your stumbling words of sympathy, your startled peep into these sorry

corners of God's garden—and the next time your scented envelope comes to me may it contain these words: "I have found something to do."

LADY GAY.

The Sweetest Eyes.

For Saturday Night.

Which are the sweetest eyes to you?
The brown, where fire and languor meet,
The sunny, laughing eyes of blue,
Or black, with glances shy and fleet?
Or opaline, with changeful hue,
Or gray, where mind with beauty vies,
Or violet, so soft and true—
Tell me, which are the sweetest eyes?

My darling bent her sunny head,
Her radiant face seemed half divine,
"The sweetest eyes to me," I said,
"Are those that look with love in mine."

A. A. S.

Where Julien Gordon Lives.

An inconspicuous brown-stone house in East Twenty-fifth street is the residence of the now famous author, Mrs. S. Van Rensselaer Cruger, whose identity was at first concealed under the nom de plume of Julien Gordon. There is nothing outwardly to mark it for distinction, and only after one passes through the English basement, fitted with ante-chambers in foreign fashion, and following the softly carpeted stairway leading above, does the individuality of the place become impressive. From the instant the heavy portieres are pushed aside, an atmosphere of exquisite and reposeful luxury enchains the attention. At once there is recognition of a new note in furnishings, with a vague sense of Old-World dignity and grace.

Show me her surroundings, and I will tell you of the woman, may be accepted as uniformly true of the mistress of a household and her environment. Inanimate objects are sensitive in a way to the spirit that lives near and animates them, and in those things she chooses for her setting one reads a faithful transcript of the tastes, necessities, and will of the chaperone.

There are two small drawing-rooms and a boudoir in the suite entered through the richly draped entrance from the upper hall. These first apartments are eclectic in their furnishings, rather sumptuous than otherwise, but subdued in color, and free from the riotous display of bric-a-brac that mars so many otherwise delightful modern interiors. The second drawing-room, here pictured, is hung, both walls and ceiling, with old rose-brocade, and has window draperies in deep crimson to correspond with the warm tint of the upholstery and the dark Persian rugs covering the highly waxed floor. Directly opposite the clear French mirror sunk in the wall above a low mantle-shelf, is a canopied recess, where soft crimson hangings fall on either side of the lavishly cushioned nook. The red curtains sweep downward in full folds, fitly framing the handsome woman seated within their alken shadow. A Louis XV. screen, a table of rare Venetian workmanship, *clagere*, costly Russian furs, bits of marble, and a few choice pictures add life and interest to the pretty room. A noticeable feature of the apartment are many long leaved tropical plants, drooping their rich foliage above the white statuettes, against the rose-tinted walls, or where great bowls and baskets of lovely flowers keep the air fragrant with the perfume of sunshine and spring.

From this central drawing-room a glimpse is caught not only of the front parlor, but, between double portieres, of a small but perfect boudoir in the rear. Here everything is pure Louis XVI., and presents a pleasing and striking contrast to the rest of the suite. Hangings, gilded chairs, and lounges, the stately fireplace, even a charming portrait of the gifted lady of the house, everything framed in strict accordance with the styles of the Louis XVI. era in France. Warmth, light, color, and an air of supreme daintiness prevail in every part, making this excellent interior one of unusual beauty.—Illustrated American.

Theatrical News



Mr. Hamlet Ticoenter (on the home stretch). What are you doing, me boy?

Me Boy—I'm hidin' eggs an' savin' 'em for Easter.

Mr. Hamlet Ticoenter—Ah, indeed! What company opens here at Easter—Puck.

A Peculiar Matrimonial Adventure.

"I have a friend who until a year ago resided in Chicago, but who now lives at Sioux City, whose marriage was brought about by a matrimonial advertisement, but it did not occur in just the way such unions are supposed to. He inserted an advertisement in one of the Chicago papers for the same purpose many do—just for the fun of the thing. He represented himself to be a young lady wishing to correspond with a young gentleman matrimonially inclined. Several young men answered the advertisement and he derived not a little quiet fun in the deception he was practicing. One of his correspondents wrote a beautiful hand and the letters were models of composition. The 'old, old story, ever new,' was repeated in those elegantly written and delicately perfumed letters in a manner that would have won the heart of a princess. My friend half regretted at times that he was not what he represented himself to be, for he believed that the author of the letters was a young man whose love any lady might be proud of. At first he laughed at the letters, then he admired them, and later on he was sorry he had carried the deception so far for he felt that he had interested a heart

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that was too deep, too pure, too earnest for trifling. My friend personated the ideal lady as nearly as it is possible to do by letter. Finally an exchange of photographs followed. My friend sent the photograph of a young lady of perfect beauty and received in return that of a handsome young man. My friend waited patiently for the young man to propose a meeting and marveled much that he did not do so. A few strong hints written between the lines had the desired effect, but the correspondent strangely expressed no desire to call at the home of my friend, but named the lobby of a certain theater as the place of meeting. At a certain hour each should appear there wearing a yellow rose for a boutonniere. At length the farce was to be ended, and my friend repaired to the rendezvous, secretly hoping that he would not be recognized. With a sense of guilty trepidation he reached the appointed place. There were several gentlemen there, but neither wore a yellow rose. Just then he came face to face with a young lady wearing the flower indicated. They looked into each other's eyes while their faces colored up painfully. My friend was nonplussed, but finally stammered: "Is this Mr. A.?" She answered by asking: "Is this Miss B.?" Both confessed their identity, and—well, you can guess the rest. Those love letters were not written in vain, and they are as happy to-day as two cooing doves, and they have several dovelets in the home nest, too.—Chicago Herald.



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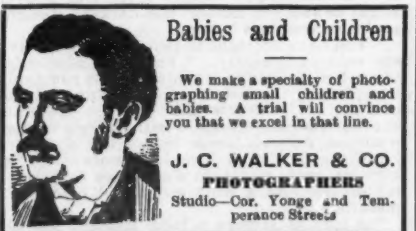
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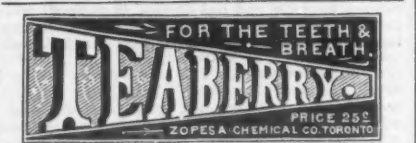
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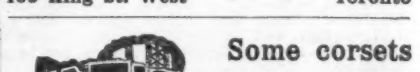
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morning—the perfume of flowers from a hundred gardens, the soft breath of the wind creeping up from the west, warm with the glow of last night's sunset. The joy of living! Yes, this man who loved no one enjoyed life in all its fullness; and he, Gerard, with two millions to spend, and, it might be, less than two years to spend them in, was miserable—miserable because of the cowardly incoherence which made him unable to take the straight and honorable road to happiness while the sinuous and evil way lay open to him.

He went to Chelsea at dusk on the third evening after Hester bade him farewell outside the gate of the little garden. She came quickly to the door in answer to his knock, and he was startled at the change which three days had made in her. The first words she spoke told him that it was not love of him which had so altered her, but poignant anxiety about her father.

"He has never been home since that night," she said, ignoring every other thought. "I have been in search of him at every place that I could think of as possible for him to have gone to, but I have not found any trace of him since Tuesday night—the night you were here. He was at the Swan Tavern that night, sitting in the coffee-room drinking brandy and water till the house closed. He was talking a good deal, and he was very excited in his manner when he left, but the people would not tell me if he had drunk much. They pretended not to know how much brandy had been served to him. I have been to the police office, and the river has been dragged along by the embankment, where he and I used always to walk. They were very good to me at the police station, and they have promised to do all they can to find him, living or dead. But, oh, with a burst of uncontrollable weeping, 'I fear they will never find him alive. He could have had only a little money, and he must have spent it all on brandy, and then when he was mad with drink—ah, you don't know how drink maddens him—he may have walked into the river, or thrown himself in, miserable and despairing. He was at the Swan at eleven o'clock, only a few minutes' walk from the river, and I can find no one who saw him after that hour. I think he must have meant to come home—I don't think he would willfully desert me—but some accident, some fit of madness—"

She could not speak for sobbing. Gerard led her into the parlor, where the old man's empty chair reminded him of that last interview, and of his diabolical trap to catch a weak sinner's feet. Looked at in the light of Hester's grief to-night, and the awful possibilities she suggested, his crime seemed murder.

"I will go to Scotland Yard, Hester, I will set the cleverest detectives in London at work, and it shall go hard if they don't find your father. My dearest, don't give way to these morbid imaginings. Be sure he is safe somewhere—only hiding because he feels that he has broken down, and disgraced himself in your eyes. He has been afraid to come home, knowing how grieved you would be at his backsliding. Be comforted, dear love." His arms were round her and he drew the pale, pinched face to his own and again their lips met, but this time Hester's kiss was not a kiss of love. She clung to her lover in her grief and fear. She forgot the peril of consolation from that poisonous source.

What comfort could he give her about her father, except the assurance that all that wealth could do to find him should be done, and that once being found every possible means should be taken to ensure his safety and welfare in the future. He told her that there were doctors who had made such cases as her father's their chief study, homes where her father could be surrounded with every luxury, and yet secure from the very possibility of indulgence in his fatal vice. He showed her how happy and free from care her future might be if she would only trust her own fate and her father's to him—and then came words of love, burning words that have been spoken again and again upon this earth with good or evil impart—words that may be true, but which speak them, yet false within the year in which they are spoken—words that promise an eternity of love, and may be uttered in all good faith, and yet prove lighter than the thistle-down wafted across summer pastures.

Three days ago she had been strong to resist the tempter, strong in womanly pride and maiden modesty. To-night she was broken down by grief, worn and fevered by sleepless nights, despairing, and almost reckless. To-night she listened to those vows of love. What had she on this earth but his love, if the father to whom she had devoted her youth was indeed lying at the bottom of the river, her purpose in life gone for ever? Why could she more lonely and friendless than she was to-night?

So she listened to his pleading, heard him while he urged her to consider how poor a thing that legal tie was which he entreated her to forego; how often, how continually cancelled by the disgraceful revelations of the divorce court.

"Time was when marriage meant till death," he said, "but that is a long exploded fashion. Marriage nowadays means the convenience of a settlement which will enable a man either to found a family or to cheat his creditors. Marriage means that husband and wife are tired of each other, and till the lady has grown hard enough to face the divorce court."

And then he reminded her how the most romantic passions, the loves that had become history were not those alliances upon which parish priests and family lawyers had smiled. He reminded her of Abelard and Heloise, of Henri's passion for Gabrielle, and Nelson's deathless love for Emma Hamilton. He urged that society itself had pardoned these fair offenders, for love's sweet sake.

Her intellect was too clear to be deceived by such shallow reasoning. On the very brink of the abyss she recoiled. Loving him with all her heart, knowing that life without him meant a colorless and hopeless existence—a hand to hand struggle with adversity, knowing by too bitter experience that to be well born and poor meant lifelong humiliation, she yet had the strength to resist his pleading.

"Your wife or nothing," she said. "I never meant to hear your voice again after that night. I prayed to God that we might never meet again. And now for my father's sake I humiliate myself so far as to ask your help. If you will bring him back to me I will thank and bless you—and will try to forget your degrading propositions."

"Degrading, Hester!" he cried reproachfully, trying to take her hand again, the hand that had lain softly in his a few moments ago. "Yes, degrading! What could you say to any wretched lost woman in London worse than you have said to me? You talk to me of love—and you offer me shame for my portion."

"Hester, that is a woman's narrow way of looking at life. As if the priest and the ring made any difference."

"If you cared for me you would make me your wife."

"I am not free to marry, Hester. I am bound by a tie which I cannot break yet awhile. The tie may be loosened in years to come, and then you shall be my wife. We will have the priest and the ring, the whole legal and ecclesiastical formulae—although that formula will not make me one wit more your slave than I am this night."

"I don't want a slave," she said resolutely. "I want a husband whom I can love and honor. And now I am going back to the Police Station to ask if there is any news."

"Let me go with you."

"I had rather you went to Scotland Yard, as you promised."

"I will go to Scotland Yard. I will do anything to prove my love and loyalty."

"Loyalty. Oh, Mr. Hillierdon, do not play with words. I am an ignorant, inexperienced girl, but I know what truth and loyalty mean—and that you have violated both to me."

They left the house together, in opposite directions. Gerard walked towards Oakley

street, hailed the first cab he met, which took him to Scotland Yard, where he saw the officials, and gave a careful description of the missing Nicholas Davenport, age, personal characteristics, manners, and habits. When asked if the missing man had any money about him at the time of his disappearance, he professed ignorance, but added that it was likely he had money. It was late in the evening when he left Scotland Yard, and he went into the park, and roamed about for some time in a purposeless manner, his brain fevered, his nerves horribly shaken. This horror of Nicholas Davenport's fate absorbed his mind at one moment, and in the next he was thinking of Hester and his rejected love, troubled, irresolute, full of pity for the woman he loved, full of tenderest compassion for scruples which seemed to him futile and foolish in the world as he knew it, where illicit liaisons were open secrets, and where no man or woman refused praise and honor to sin in high places. He pitied the simplicity which clung to virtue for its own sake, a strange spectacle in that great gilded city, a penniless girl sacrificing love and gladness for the sake of honor.

He went from the park to the Small Hours, a club where he knew he was likely to find Jermyn, who rarely went to bed before the summer dawn. "It is bad enough to be obliged to go to bed by candle light from October to March," said Jermyn, who declared that any man who took more than three or four hours' sleep in the twenty-four, shamefully wasted his existence.

"We are men, not dormice," he said, "and we are sent into this world to live—not to sleep."

Gerard found Jermyn the life of a choice little supper party, where the manners of the ladies, although they were not strictly "in society," were irreproachable, so irreproachable, indeed, that the party would have been dull but for Jermyn's Jermyn. His ringing laugh and easy vivacity sustained the gaiety of the party, and made the champagne more exhilarating than the champagne of these latter days is wont to be.

"A capital wine, ain't it?" he asked, gaily. "It's a new brand, 'Fin de Siecle,' the only wine I care for."

Gerard drank deep of the new wine, would have drunk it had it been vitriol, in the hope of drowning Nicholas Davenport's ghost; and when the little banquet was over, and youth and folly were dancing to a waltz by Strauss on an adjoining room, he linked his arm through Jermyn's and led him out of the club, and into the stillness and solitude of St. James' Park.

Here he told his Mentor all that had happened, denounced himself as a traitor, and perhaps a murderer. "It was your scheme," he said, "you suggested the snare, and you have made me the wretch I am."

Jermyn's frank laughter had a sound of mockery as he greeted this accusation. "That is always the way," he said, "a man asks for advice, and turns upon his counsellor. You wanted to get that foolish, officious old father out of the way. I suggested a manner of doing it. And now you call me devil and yourself murderer."

And then with a jest banter he laughed away Gerard's lingering scruples, scoffed at man's honor and at woman's virtue, and Gerard, who had long ago abandoned all old creeds for a dreary agnosticism, heard and assented to that mocking sermon, whose text was self, and whose argument was self-indulgence.

"I shudder when I think of the myriads of fanatics who have sacrificed happiness here for the sake of an imaginary paradise—wretches who have starved body and soul upon earth to feast and rejoice in the New Jerusalem," said Jermyn, finally, as they parted at Buckingham gate in the first faint flush of dawn.

Less than half an hour afterwards Gerard was in the Rosamond road, and at the little iron gate that opened into the scrap of garden, where a cluster of sunflowers rose superior to the dust, pale in the steel-blue light of dawn. The lamp was still burning in the parlor, and he saw Hester's shadow upon the blind. She was sitting with her elbow on the table, her face buried in her hands, and he knew that she must be weeping or praying. She had let her lamp burn on unconscious of the growing daylight. The window was open at the top, but the lower half was shut. He tapped on the pane, and the shadow of a woman's face rose suddenly, and broadened over the blind.

"Hester, Hester," he called. He raised the sash, as she drew up the blind, and they stood face to face, both pale, breathless, and agitated.

"You have heard of him, you have seen him," she cried excitedly. "It is good news!"

"Yes, Hester, yes," he answered, and sprang into the room.

(To be Continued.)

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THE BEST TONIC.

known, furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

The Glory of a Woman.

"The glory of a woman is her hair," we are told; but that depends in some measure upon the way in which she wears it. If, as is the custom of some women, she brushes it backward from her forehead, and then, after stretching the fibers to the tension of fiddle-strings at concert pitch, belays the tightened mass behind her ears, we must say that the appearance her hair presents is anything but glorious. By what technical name this frightful arrangement is known we do not know, but it might appropriately enough be called the cometary style. The "horrid hair" of a comet is always drawn back at a right angle from its



Mrs. Pollux—Wow-ow-ow! Hainery's went 'n gone, 'n hung hisself. Mr. Pollux (speaking thickly)—G'way fum dar, 'n stop dat noise. De 'lasses bari's done busted in de flat above.—Scrivener's.

facial line by reason of the speed at which it travels; but why any female star of fashion should emulate that erratic specimen of fast life in the upper circles, in this particular, is beyond our ken. The only wonder is that the hair, under the tremendous pull necessary to impart the requisite tension, does not give way at the roots like the tail of Tam O'Shanter's mare in the fierce grasp of Cattle Sank.

Seriously, ladies, this high-pressure method of dressing your "glory" is, in every sense of the word, a serious drawback to your comeliness. Possibly you may think that it prevents your fair brows from wrinkling, but the reverse is the fact. The skin of the forehead is unnaturally stretched in the process, and, when the pressure is removed, it is apt to become corrugated. If you wish to attack admiration and not ridicule, don't dress your hair in that manner.—N. Y. Ledger.

The music loving people of Toronto will be glad to learn that the Perfect Transposing Pianos, now in general use in Great Britain and the Continent of Europe, are about to be manufactured in Toronto, one of which is now on exhibition at Nos. 108 and 110 King street west, and which everybody is invited to call and test. This piano is used by royalty and has the highest references from nearly every prominent vocalist and pianist in England and Europe.

Theodore Distin, Esq., professor of music and singing, writes: "I can hardly express how very much pleased I am with your new Patent Transposing Pianoforte. I think it is the best method of any I have ever seen, as the mechanism being entirely untouched or interfered with, it cannot possibly get out of order or be put out of tune. In other transposing instruments it is the key-board that is moved, which constantly causes the hammers and other parts to get out of order, and the instrument soon becomes useless, whereas in this the whole of the strings and soundboard are moved by a simple lever. I consider it the acme of perfection. It ought to come into general use."

George Grossmith, Esq., writes: "I think the piano most successful. It is the first time I have ever been able to play fluently in a key of seven sharps."

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Parties visiting New York should always be careful to have their tickets read via the Erie. They run magnificent through sleepers from Toronto, and attach the finest dining cars in the United States for meals. The Erie is a double-track road from Suspension Bridge to New York. The officials of this great road deserve great credit for the grand service they have given to the people in Canada, and we hope this favorite route will be well patronized.

The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works.

Under the above appropriate name there has recently been established at 44 Lombard street, an establishment where the housewives of Toronto will find satisfaction and prompt attention when requiring their carpets or rugs cleaned or renovated. See advertisement on page 12.

No Man There.

Mrs. Yeast—Do you believe there is a man in the moon?

Mrs. Crimmonbeak—No; if there was, I would be out every night.

The Tremulous Trill.

"What a beautiful trill that bird has. Rather extraordinary, isn't it?"

"No. I had him down in the Jersey flats all last summer, and he gets his trill from his ague."—Epoch.

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The Amenities.

I was waiting at a station on the Second avenue "L" road the other day when I noticed an umbrella mender and a traveling glazier. The first had a lot of ribs and handles and old umbrellas, and the second had a dozen panes of glass in a box on his back. Seeing that they regarded each other with coldness, I asked of the umbrella mender:

"Don't you recognize the profession when you meet?"

"It's not the same line of business, sir," he replied. "Anybody can putty in a pane of glass, but it takes an artist to mend an umbrella."

While he walked to the other end of the platform, I shied up alongside of the glazier and remarked:

"Any hard feelings between you and the umbrella man?"

"Oh, no, sir—no personal feeling. It's simply that my professional pride demands that he speak first. He's a trades, you see, while I have a profession."

Two hours later I met them in company at Chatham square, and the glazier recognized me at once and took me aside to say:

"It's all right, sir—all right. He has assured me that he once failed in business for \$30,000, and we've agreed that both are professions," and that both of us are professors"—N. Y. Sun.

A Point of Etiquette.

"Well, Missus Grogan, an' how do yer get on wid yer folse neighbors?"

"Oh, verry well. They haven't called on me yet. I suppose they do be waitin' for me to make the first visit!"—Life.

BEST ON EARTH. SURPRISE SOAP.

The "Surprise" way ON WASH DAY.

Takes out the dirt; makes "the wash" sweet, clean, white; leaves the hands soft and smooth; without boiling or scalding.

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Surprise Soap can be used on anything; everywhere; in any way; at any and every time.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND B. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Music.

Of actual music there has not been much during the past ten days to afford matter for the chronicler, although there have been many concerts of lesser moment. Good Friday did not afford so much matter in this respect as in former years, probably because people are seeing a little more in the solemnity of the day to discourage the idea of junketing and rejoicing. Certain it is that several churches that formerly gave concerts on Good Friday, have discontinued them, and are well satisfied that they have done so. The principal event, musically considered, of that day was the concert given at the Pavilion under the auspices of the Canadian Temperance League, by the Agnes Thomson Concert Company. Mrs. Thomson showed that she still has the charm of tone and manner which has so often delighted audiences. Purity and sweetness of tone with flexible and certain execution make her a welcome performer whether in aria or ballad. Mr. Thomson himself is a baritone who is all too seldom heard in Toronto, and there are few renditions which can equal his Toreador. Miss Beattie Bonnell is a recent addition to our concert forces who bids fair to achieve success and who is becoming very popular. Mr. Mundie's light tenor voice makes him a satisfactory adjunct in concerted music. Mr. Franz Wagner is rapidly progressing as a cellist, and plays extremely well. Altogether the company is a compact and well arranged combination, much of whose success is due to the excellent accompaniments of Mrs. Wagner and Mr. E. W. Phillips.

Mrs. Caldwell has lately found the secret of giving a charming entertainment in conjunction with a reader, a plan which affords the requisite variety and which has caught the public taste. Several entertainments which have been given lately by Mrs. Caldwell in conjunction with Miss Jessie Alexander or Miss Laura MacGillivray, have been crowded to the doors, and the audiences have been pleased to the utmost. Both of these elocutionists have the peculiar property of at once obtaining the sympathy of their hearers, and they are pronounced factors in our amusement world, although we do not hear Miss MacGillivray so often since her removal to Chicago, where she now resides. Mrs. Caldwell's popularity needs no explanation. Her pleasing manner and the bright, bird-like voice never pall on our senses.

I went to see Dixey's Seven Ages on Monday evening. I say "see," for I did not expect much in the way of music, and I was not disappointed. I do not know who composed (a very large verb) the music used by the chorus, but I think that something might have been dashed up that would have better employed the capable chorus than the musical commonplace we were treated to. Of course the "Kaleidoscopic entertainment" was not announced as a comic opera. It was simply an illustrative setting which surrounded the central stone, Henry E. Dixey who, by the way, shows that he can be a little more than Henry E. Dixey with the bounds and leaps and posturings we have seen in Adonis. Still, when a handsome chorus is gathered, and when that chorus shows that it can sing pretty well, it seems a pity that such musical twaddle as is offered in The Seven Ages, should form the bounds of its musical endeavor. All who went to the Grand this week were thoroughly amused and entertained, but the pleasure would have been greater if the music had been better. Probably the management thought that Mr. Dixey must be and remain the salient figure.

In last week's SATURDAY NIGHT I made reference to Mr. Vogt's lecture on the Development of Opera, and have seen a synopsis of his paper, which shows it to have been so interesting to music lovers that a brief sketch will not be out of place here. Mr. Vogt described the musical declamation of the ancient Greeks and traced the connection which existed between it and the works of Peri, the founder, in the sixteenth century, of the musical dramatic art, which has since been developed so magnificently. The influence of Monteverde upon operatic composition was referred to, and the high dramatic elevation of his works was contrasted with the dramatically inconsistent productions of the school of Italian composers who followed him, and who tended so much to the musical degeneracy of that nation. The reforms of Lulli and Rameau and the inestimable services rendered the cause of dramatic music by Gluck, were held by the lecturer as the noblest and most inspiring productions in operatic composition which have succeeded their time. In Mozart the lyric drama attained its highest elevation, as evidenced in his Don Juan and the Magic Flute, respectively the first specimens of true Italian and German lyric opera in existence.

Beethoven's one great opera, with its superb Leonora overture, were held to be among the most magnificent inspirations of that mighty Colossus in the realm of absolute music. The life and influence of Cimarosa and Cherubini were pointed out, and the lecturer expressed his firm belief that in the light of the recent creations of Richard Wagner and Verdi, the most important development of musical art in the future would be in the domain of operatic

composition. Illustrated selections from the works of Peri and Monteverde were rendered on the piano by Mr. Vogt, who explained their gradual development and the influence of the old ecclesiastical modes upon the musical composition of that time. The lecture was illustrated by selections from Gluck's Iphigenie en Aulide, Cimarosa's Matrimonio Segreto, Mozart's Don Juan and Magic Flute, Cherubini's Water-Carrier, and Beethoven's Fidelio-Leonora Overture. Mr. Vogt's second lecture will have special reference to the influence of the modern romantic school upon operatic composition.

The second concert of the Haslam Vocal Society for the season of 1920-21 is announced for Thursday evening, April 30, in the Pavilion, when the subscribers and the public may look for a brilliant performance. The society has under rehearsal a number of very fine selections, and they will be assisted by solo artists of the highest rank, among whom may be mentioned the great American basso, Myron W. Whitney of Boston, and Miss Clementine De Vere, prima donna soprano of New York, both of whom enjoy a world-wide reputation, and this, with the high standard of the society's repertoire, will ensure this concert being a memorable occasion in musical annals in Toronto.

Miss De Vere has also been engaged for the concert on Tuesday, April 21, of the Toronto Vocal Society, when she will be associated with Herr Franz Wilczek, the celebrated Austrian violinist, making a very strong array of talent in addition to the choral forces of the society.

The same evening will see a visit to Toronto from Mr. Louis C. Elson, connected with the New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, who will give an illustrated lecture on music in Association Hall. Mr. Elson is a cultured musician and one of the best writers on music in America, and his lecture will prove a great enjoyment to those fortunate enough to hear him.

The locally patriotic feeling which led to the criticism of the appointment of an outsider to the headship of the new Collegiate Institute when a thoroughly equipped pedagogical like Captain Manley was in our midst, has received another shock by the recent appointment of Edwin M. Lott, Mus. Doc., to the professorship of music at Trinity University. For several years the musical interests of this institution have most ardently been helped by Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac. who has been untiring in his enthusiastic devotion to the college and to the furthering of higher theoretical musical education. He is a scholarly musician, well trained and ripe, and has been warm in the advocacy of advanced study, with a view to the acceptance of Trinity College degrees, yet he is passed over and a gentleman is appointed who is resident in England, and whose professional work is limited, this year at all events, to the delivery of two lectures, whose chronological sequence would argue the passage of a half generation before the present day can be considered from the professorial chair, even if Dr. Lott should make annual visits to his college. I do not, of course, wish to be considered as saying a single word against Doctor Lott. I am only drawing attention to the objectionable tendency to pass over residents of Toronto who have borne the burden and the heat of the day, and who have won for themselves proper recognition of their attainments, while warm in the service of the institutions and interests which pass them over in favor of non-residents.

Next week will be quite a musical one. On Monday and Tuesday the Philharmonic Society holds its festival, the central feature of which will of course, be Charles Santley. His Elijah is world-renowned, and on the second evening he will sing the baritone part in Eve, besides singing some of his best known songs. On Thursday evening Mrs. Adamson gives her concert in Association Hall with a very interesting programme.

The Harmony Club has been active and never-ceasing in its efforts to prepare Gilbert & Sullivan's Iolanthe in a manner fitting for the social and musical renown of its members. Mr. E. W. Schuch has been conducting two full rehearsals each week, and the choruses are now thoroughly memorized, a body of over fifty singers being in training for the chorus parts. The soloists have been chosen and are: Phyllis, Miss Gilmour; Queen of the Fairies, Mrs. Mackelcan; Iolanthe, Miss Lash; Celia, Mrs. Bignell; Lella, Mrs. Crowther; Fleeta, Miss Sybil Seymour; Strephon, Mr. J. F. Kirk; Lord Tollover, Mr. T. D. Beddoe; Lord Mount Ararat, Mr. J. A. Macdonald. The part of the Lord Chancellor will be taken by Mr. Arthur H. Bell of New York, who also acts as stage manager. Mr. Bell superintended the first production of Iolanthe in America, and is a thoroughly capable artist. Everything points to a most successful performance. The dates are set for Thursday and Friday, April 23 and 24.

A bright addition to the catalogue of sailor songs has been made by Miss Mary Frances Boylan, who has written a fine swinging song entitled The Ship with the Flag of Blue. It is published by Messrs. A. & S. Nordheimer.

Another great attraction that will shortly be here is Mme. Helen Hopekirk the well known pianist who, by the kindness of Messrs. Goulay, Winter and Leeming, will give a recital at Association Hall at 3 o'clock next Saturday afternoon, assisted by Mrs. Caldwell. Mme. Hopekirk is an artist whose reputation has been steadily growing since her return from Europe. Cards of admission may be had at the warerooms of the above firm.

METRONOME.

English Critics on "The Idler."

First Critic—What do you think of the American part, Jones?
Second Critic—Oh! not much. I think I could imitate the Yankee better than that fellow does it, with a week's practice.
First Critic—H'm! I don't know whether you know it, my boy, but "that fellow" is really an American, appearing in England for the first time to-night.

The Drama.



URLESQUE and farce have had more than their just share of the attention of Toronto theater goers this season, but I do not think that one first-nighter went away disappointed from last Monday's performance at the Grand. We have

had with us this week the great and only Dixey in a new farce, burlesque or extravaganza entitled The Seven Ages. The famous soliloquy in As You Like It is too well known to justify quotation. The play is a humorous elaboration of it from the joint pens of Messrs. Gill and Dixey. The introduction presents to the audience a young New Yorker, Bertie Van Loo, of the "Four Hundred," who invokes Shakespeare (a statue) to have the past, the life of one of his ancestors spread out before him. The prayer is granted, and he settles himself for a nap in an arm chair. The representation is then developed, something after the fashion of A Tinted Venus, and the life of Albertus Van Loo, born in the early part of the eighteenth century, is traced from first to second childhood with Mr. Dixey as Infant, Schoolboy, Lover, Soldier, Justice, Old Boy or Pantaloon and Oblivionist. The only thing at all approaching a plot-motive is the enmity between the houses of Van Loo and Van Wart and the downward career of the son and heir of the latter house, Jacob Van Wart. The whole performance partakes of the nature of the other performances with which Mr. Dixey's name has been connected. Songs and dances are interspersed throughout and the chorus girls, if I may so call them, are in point of beauty considerably above the average. One noticeable defect is the appearance between each scene of a long winded and stout young lady, who explains the previous scene and fires off witticisms (h). This young lady calls herself the "chorus" and refers to her Greek Temple, so I presume that if Sophocles were at the performance he would call her a chorus of Greek priestesses. She must certainly weigh enough to make a plural chorus.

Mr. Dixey was the inimitable Dixey from the first scene when but his head appears, to the seventh scene when he rose for a moment above the mimic, songster and dancer and became an actor, an actor, who as he delivered those final words:

"Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans everything" was almost tragic. And on the whole I thought his portrayal of the Old Boy much superior to the rest of his performance, excellent though it was throughout. His portrayal of The Lover was a reminiscence of his famous Adonis, and the Schoolboy episode of the cigarette (query, Did they smoke cigarettes in New Amsterdam?) was most amusing. As the Soldier, Colonel Van Loo, he had little to do, but the curtain descended upon him as he sat aloft on his bronze charger with hand upraised, a la George Washington. He made an apologetic and hilarious Justice, and this scene gave more scope to those talents which have hitherto particularly distinguished him, than the other scenes. The song and chorus, A Little Peach in the Orchard Grew, or Listen to My Tale of Woe, was here introduced, but was regrettably curtailed. His performance in scenes six and seven was, as I have said, superb. In the epilogue the curtain rises with the nineteenth-century Bertie Van Loo repeating the last words of the soliloquy, and his sister rushes in and wakes him up, the whole seven ages of his ancestor having passed before in exactly seven minutes. Mr. Herbert Graham as the cadaverous Jacob Van Wart, scapegoat, rival, Tory traitor and conspirator, and wreck, was good, as was also Mr. Howard as Uncle Carous Van Loo, Major Van Koff, and Admiral Barnacle, particularly as the latter. Messrs. Schiller, Campbell and Don filled their parts well, and the latter's Hibernian and other specialties "brought down the house." The gentlemen, however, did not seem to feel at home in evening dress. Miss Yolande Wallace, of the lady support was good looking and piquant but there were no noticeably good voices among the ladies. The costumes and scenery were fresh and beautiful.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Pauline L'Allemond and Marie Tempest will divide the honors at the Casino next season. Miss L'Allemond's engagement begins August 1; Miss Tempest's October 1.

Carl Millocker's unique opera, Poor Jonathan, will have had one hundred and seventy performances at the Casino at the close of this week. In a little while the New York triumph—for it is a triumph, view it in any light you may—will parallel that which it achieved in its composer's own country; and there is much food for reflection in this result, which is a signal credit to the Casino singers, who, led by charming Lillian Russell, have done a great deal to make Millocker's work liked by this public.

Anna Dickinson's dementia recalls her failure as an actress. It is a curious fact that she has never believed that she did not succeed artistically in her brief venture on the stage. The absurd fiasco was, to her thinking, a brilliant achievement. Even at that time she must have been mentally unbalanced, for she talked vehemently and incoherently of the plot to ruin her theatrical chances. She declared that men of the political party opposed to her own had conspired, in retaliation for her rostrum eloquence against them, to thwart her stage ambition. One of her delusions was that a large fund had been contributed by these enemies to bribe the dramatic critics of all the big cities, and she construed every published article, even those in which the futility of her essay at acting was described most leniently, as so much evidence of corruption. To her it was inconceivable that a great orator could be other than a great player. Her wild talk passed for an ebullition of disappointment, but the belief is now that her mind was disordered. A friend who has visited her in the asylum says that her imagination is now filled with enmity to Mrs. Leslie Carter, and that her

fluent tongue is employed in uttering it. She regards Mrs. Carter's conspicuousness on the stage as a personal outrage, and voices her resentment in addresses to imaginary audiences.

After an interval of sixteen years Augustin Daly again revived Love's Labor Lost at the Fifth Avenue Theater, on March 28. The Sunday Mercury says of the performance: "The story of Love's Labor Lost is made exceedingly interesting by the effective treatment of its lines by Mr. Daly's company and by the manifold care he has bestowed upon its luxurious accessories and costumes. Ada Rehan's Princess of France is a dainty combination of beauty, grace and elegance, and after her, George Clarke's admirable delivery of his lines and splendid presence as Biron came in for unstinted praise. Sidney Herbert's bombastic Don Adriano is cleverly conceived and artistically realized and Flossie Ethel as his page made a distinct hit by her nonchalant wit and pretty songs. James Lewis Costard is a very quaint representation of the Elizabethan country bumpkin, and Kattie Cheatham's Jaquenetta proved to be a very clever companion portrait. John Drew was well made up as the King of Navarre and played his part with much dignity; in fact the entire cast gave evidence of careful rehearsal and artistic competency. Kitty Cheatham's Cuckoo song and Where Icicles Hang, by John McCauley, elicited merited praise, and Henry Wildner's round, Should Love Make Me Forewarn, by six young ladies, evidently afforded much pleasure. The scenery is entirely new and is very beautiful, notably the King's park of the third act and the encampment of the Princess in act four. Considering that the regular season of Mr. Daly's company at this theater will end in a fortnight, the magnificence of this production, with its attendant outlay, cannot fail to surprise more economical managers. Love's Labor Lost, as presented last night, constitutes the memorable stage event of this current season at this theater."

'Varsity Chat.

The medicals are now in the midst of their examinations, the "festal day" having arrived at last. As is always the case, almost all the candidates are complaining about their work, and state that if they had a few weeks longer to study they would be better prepared for the ordeal. To extend the time would not make much difference to the students, for they would only spend a certain number of hours at their books no matter how much time was given them, so they are as well prepared for the examination as they would be a month hence.

Mr. J. Hewitson has passed with honors the final examination for M.D., C.M., and Mr. J. W. Scane the primary examination for the same degree with honors at McGill University, Montreal. Both these young men are old 'Varsity boys and all who know them are pleased to hear of their success.

Examinations have a peculiar effect on some of the students. They worry so much over them that they at last are overcome with nervous prostration, with the result that they are not able to write at all. In reality, the student who keeps his head clear and his mind free from "bogies" and vain dreams, is sure to be successful without causing himself bodily injury or mental agony. In this matter I am reminded of how a student at Wycliffe College views examinations. The provisional timetable giving the hours for each subject is now on the bulletin board, and at the end of this peculiar document one of the students has written the time-table for the future in the simple words, "Then the millennium."

At the annual meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: President, R. W. Thompson; vice-president, A. T. Laing; recording secretary, J. A. G. Ardagh; corresponding secretary, W. A. Lee; treasurer, W. A. Buckle; librarian, A. V. White; editors, J. B. Goodwin and A. J. McPherson. The society has had great success during the past year, and the new officers intend to work as faithfully as their predecessors and make the meetings even more entertaining than they were this year.

Last Tuesday evening the Knox men made merry in a most cordial way in the college dining-hall. The occasion was the sixth annual students' supper, but all the joys and delights of the evening did not depend on the material repast, for "man cannot live by bread alone." The after-dinner programme of songs and speeches was the chief source of pleasure during the evening. Mr. F. O. Nichol presided, and Mr. James McMillan, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. P. E. Nichol, Rev. John Somerville, M.A., Mr. W. G. W. Fortune, B.A., Mr. H. A. Percival, Prof. R. Y. Thomson, Rev. G. W. Logie, Mr. D. M. Buchanan, B.A., Rev. W. J. Clark, Rev. W. Patterson, Mr. W. Gauld, B.A., Mr. T. H. Rogers, B.A., Mr. J. W. Macmillan, Mr. H. C. Foster, Mr. A. Carrick, B.A., Mr. P. McNabb, Mr. J. F. Scott, Mr. N. Lindsay, B.A., Mr. E. L. Hunt, Mr. J. S. Scott, Mr. T. McCrae, Mr. R. W. Ross, Mr. J. K. Arnott, Mr. W. H. Johnston, Mr. W. R. Johnston, Mr. J. D. Edgar and Mr. W. Cooper delivered addresses. I understand that the representatives of the press who were at the banquet gave the graduating class some pointers as to the best methods of writing a sermon. They were indeed surprised to hear that some of the best sermons ever delivered (h) were written by reporters who were not present at the services, and did not even know the texts.

DRAX ALLEN.

In the Spring.

Now, when he greets his wife divine
With "Why search for a star, pet!"
She answers, "If to-morrow's fine
We'll go and shake the carpet."

A Tip to the Waiter.

Crusty (from the rural districts)—What ye pokin' yer hand at me fer?
Waiter—Yeh forgot something, sah.
Crusty—No, I hain't, I guess. You're waitin' fer a tip, ain't ye?
Waiter—If you please, sah.
Crusty—Waal, here's a straight one. You keep on waitin' an' you'll be gray long 'fore you're rich.—Chicago Times.

To the Poet of the Spring.

Per Saturday Night.

Herald of Ethereal Wildness,
Gentle mark for Satire's sting,
Tiresome rhymer, winging pre-wards,
Welcome! Post of the Spring.

Paragrapher cannot blight thee,
Gleades prompteth thee to sing,
Thou'rt a mission, halting rhymer
As a Harbinger of Spring.

Thou'rt a message, glad and hopeful,
Such as thro' the woodlands ring:
Thou'rt my metre mar thy music,
Still thy song's the first in Spring.

Thou art here ere yet Sweet April
Scents the mould and speeds the wing;
Ever first and Vernal Freshness,
Epidemic of the Spring.

Thou art with us ere the robin,
Ere soft rain the violets bring,
When the heart is all forgiving,
And the sweetest song is Spring.

Welcome! then, Sweet Bard of Passage,
Thou who rhymest Lumb with Swing,
Yawns the Basket marked "Waste Paper,"
Thou art "in it" in the Spring.

S. HURVY.

A Voice at Even.

Per Saturday Night.

The eve was hush'd. No sound discordant broke
The stillness that enwrap the slumbering earth.
Low-sighing zephyr, seaward wandering,
Soft sway'd the dreamy meadowlands, while bright,
From out the land of sunset, Hesper fair,
Begin with fading glories scaled the West.

The eve was hush'd. But, ah! within me raged
Tempestuous blackness. Shattered at my feet,
My life's ambitions lay a crumbling pile.
Advance was hopeless. Barr'd was all retreat,
Life seem'd a desert wild, with thorns o'ergrown,
And into the summer night I wandered on, alone.

The eve was hush'd. But through the silent gloom,
Like angel whisperings from some airier clime,
Came borne a maiden's voice, in accents sweet,
Chanting an evening hymn. A balm sublime,
It flood'd my darken'd soul, and let the light
Of banished hope dispell the deep'ning night.

A. L. McYAR.

The Mother.

I.
It was April, blossoming spring,
They buried me, when the birds did sing;
Earth, in clammy wedding earth,
They banked my bed with a black, damp girl.

Under the damp and under the mould,
I kenned my breasts were clammy and cold.
Out from the red beds, slanting and bright,
I kenned my cheeks were sunken and white.

I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
And yet I kenned all things that seem.
I was a dream, and the world was a dream,
But you cannot bury a dream.

For though in the under-grave's doom-night
I lay all silent and stark and white,
Yet over my head I seemed to know
The murmurous moods of wind and snow.

The snows that wasted, the winds that blew,
The rays that slanted, the clouds that drew
The water-ghosts up from lakes below,
And the little flower-souls in earth that grow.

Under earth, in the grave's stark night,
I felt the stars and the moon's pale light.
I felt the winds of ocean and land
That whispered the blossoms soft and bland.

Though they had buried me dark and low
My soul with the season's season to grow.

II.
I was a bride in my sickness sore,
I was a bride nine months and more.
From throes of pain they buried me low,
For death had finished a mother's woe.

But under the sod, in the grave's dread doom,
I dreamed of my baby in glimmer and gloom.
I dreamed of my babe, and I kenned that his rest
Was broken in wallings on my dead breast.

I dreamed that a rose-leaf had died clinging:
Oh, you cannot bury a mother in spring.
When the winds are soft and the blossoms are red
She could not sleep in her cold earth-bed.

I dreamed of my babe for a day and a night,
And then I rose in my grave clothes white.
I rose like a flower from my damp earth-bed
To the world of sorrowing overhead.

Men would have called me a thing of harm,
But dreams of my babe made me rosy and warm.
I felt my breasts swell under my shroud;
No stars shone white, no winds were loud;

But I stole me past the graveyard wall,
For the voice of my baby seemed to call;
And I kenned me a voice, though my lips were dumb;
Hush, baby, hush! for mother is come.

I paced the streets to my husband's home;
The chamber stairs in a dream I climb;
I heard the sound of each sleeper's breath,
Light waves that break on the shores of death.

I listened a space at my chamber door,
Then stole like a moon-ray over its floor.

My babe was asleep on a stranger's arm,
"O baby, my baby, the grave is so warm."
"Though dark and so deep, for mother is there!
O come with me from the pain and care!"

"O come with me from the anguish of earth,
Where the bed is banked with a blossoming girl,
Where the pillow is soft and the rest is long,
And mother will cradle you a slumber-song."

"A slumber-song that will charm your eyes
To a sleep that never in earth-song lies!"

"The loves of earth your being can spare,
But never the grave, for mother is there."
I nestled him soft to my throbbing breast,
And stole me back to my long, long rest.

And here I lie with him under the stars,
Dead to earth, its peace and its wars:
Dead to its hates, its hopes, and its harms,
So long as he cradles us soft in my arms.

And heaven may open its shimmering doors,
And saints make music on peary floors,
And hell may yawn to its infinite sea,
But they never can take my baby from me.

For so much a part of my soul he hath grown
That God doth know of it high on His throne.

And here I lie with him under the flowers
That sun-winds rock through the billowy hours,
With the night-airs that steal from the murmuring sea,
Bringing sweet peace to my baby and me.

William W. Campbell in Harper's Magazine.

Noted People.

Walt Whitman's mother was of Netherland descent and his grandmother was a Quaker. The poet himself is said to show distinctly his Dutch ancestry.

Miss Isabel Haggood, the Russian translator and lecturer, is a rather stately dame, with white hair. She has a strong voice, incisive utterance, and delightfully clear enunciation.

Dr. Schliemann changed his wife's name of Sophie to a more Homeric-sounding one, and named his children Andromache and Agamemnon. He bestowed on his servants names taken from the Iliad or the Odyssey.

Private audiences will no longer be granted to private persons by Pope Leo the Thirteenth. He has been much annoyed lately by the published reports of interviews, and by the comments of the European press, based upon those reports.

This remark is imputed to Governor Jones of Alabama, when he heard that the people of Athens, in that state, had hung him in effigy: "They should have notified me that they intended to hang me, and I would have issued a pardon to myself."

The sister-in-law of Thomas Carlyle died the other day in Brantford township. Mrs. Alexander Carlyle was eighty-three years of age, and though so far advanced in years, was a bright, chatty old lady, and cherished some interesting and piquant memories of the great Chelsea philosopher.

Miss Elaine Goodale's fiancé, although a full-blooded Sioux, is an educated and intelligent man. He studied at Beloit College, took the full course at Dartmouth, and studied medicine at Harvard. He has for some years been practicing medicine and surgery among his people in Dakota, and has been very useful.

Vittoria Colonna, "the glory of all Italy for grace, for lofty intellect and for marvelous virtue in a most corrupt age," who was adored by Michael Angelo, is to be commemorated by a statue in her native place, Marino, a short distance from Rome. In the present year occurs the four-hundredth anniversary of her birth.

Mrs. Zerelda G. Wallace, the mother of Gen. Law Wallace, recently addressed a meeting in Washington upon the topic, "Why the Members of the W. C. T. U. Desire Woman Suffrage." Mrs. Wallace is seventy-four years old, but she spoke for an hour with such enthusiasm and eloquence that not one person left the house until the close of her speech.

Sixty years ago there were but five millionaires in the country. In New York, John Jacob Astor and Stephen Whitney; in Philadelphia, Stephen Girard; in Cincinnati, Nicholas Longworth, and in Boston, William Gray. New York City alone now boasts over five hundred men who count a million dollars, and a large number of these are millionaires many times over.

Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, who of late years has become one of the leading art critics of America, lives in the now unfashionable but dignified neighborhood of Washington Square. Her house recalls the very best period of New York architecture and home decoration, and her spacious drawing-room, that looks out by long French windows on quiet Ninth street, is filled with superbly carved and inlaid family furniture, much of which antedates the Revolution.

Mrs. Willis K. Vanderbilt is an earnest and ardent student and collector of ceramics. She is also deeply versed in the periods and comparative artistic values of furniture. She has studied seriously the French authorities on cabinet-making, inlay, and upholstery, and in her Fifth avenue home, where at one period naught but dazzling splendor and somewhat crude luxury prevailed, she has instituted almost entire redecoration and refurnishing on a more harmonious and æsthetic plan.

Mrs. Lucinda H. Stone of Kalamazoo, Michigan, has received from Mrs. Bloomfield Moore of California, a check for one thousand dollars, to assist in establishing in Michigan University the professorship for women in which Mrs. Stone is so deeply interested. A number of other persons have promised financial aid. Mrs. Bloomfield Moore will be remembered as the lady who has rendered such great assistance to Mr. Kelsey of "Motor" fame.

Earl Beauchamp, who was buried the other day at Maderfield Court which lies just beyond Malvern, carried with him to his grave the respect of nearly every villager. He was extremely popular with his tenants, who always referred to him as "our Earl," and he used at the annual fruit show to give prizes to boys for taking the greatest number of wasps' nests, and for taking hornets' nests. The Earl had a terrible antipathy towards these insects, as they not only destroy the fruit, but the Earl, when a lad, had been severely stung by a wasp, and never forgot it. Another peculiarity of his was, that he would have no birds at Maderfield Court save those of pure white. He had white pigeons, white ducks, white turkeys, etc. Black members of the feathered tribe found no welcome from him.

The advance in royal favor of Prince Henry of Battenberg—"Prince Beatrice," as he is too familiarly called—has been slow and hardly won. The marriage was never popular with any class in England, much the reverse at court. The queen suffered the match on the understanding that Princess Beatrice, the home companion of her later years, should live, as heretofore, with her mother, and, as there was a husband, why, he must live there, too. When the queen went abroad and the bridegroom traveled in her train, the humiliation of the situation grew unbearable. By one of her earliest favors, the queen ordered that Prince Henry should be styled royal highness. In England, of course, the queen's wish in this respect is law; but abroad, more particularly in Germany, her edict is as the idle winds. A little more than twelve months ago, after several years of home happiness, Prince Henry struck. There are wicked stories told at London dinner-tables of how "Prince Beatrice," going down to Portsmouth, in obedience to orders, to join the family circle at Osborne, has taken advantage of the merest indication of mist on the Solent, boldly called it a fog, protested the impossibility of crossing, hurried back to London, and spent one cheerful night in mitigation of his monotonous home happiness.

The Story of the Rear Column

Of the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition by the late James S. Jameson, naturalist of the expedition, edited by Mrs. James S. Jameson. Toronto: The Rose Publishing Company (Ltd.).

The above volume, as will be anticipated by the reader, is chiefly devoted to the refutation by the internal evidence of the late Mr. Jameson's diary and letters of the charges made against him by Stanley. The book is, however, not without ordinary interest to the reader as a narrative of adventure. It is well illustrated by sketches made from the author's originals, although the letterpress is far from being satisfactory. A map of the region in which the events narrated took place, and a facsimile of a letter from Tippu-Tib are also included, and a natural history appendix is contributed by several distinguished scientists. Numerous interesting incidents are told of in a free and easy manner, and many of Tippu-Tib. One of the stories about him is that on one occasion he and his men were attacked by a hostile tribe of whom he succeeded in taking a large number of prisoners. He knew he would be attacked by them again, so he killed all the captives, and having cut them up small, he put them in large pots to boil, mixing up bananas and all sorts of things, until a rich savory aroma arose from the pots. When he was attacked by the natives, he pretended to retreat, and watched his enemies—who had found the pots on the fire-set to and ravenously eat up their own people. This was perhaps disgusting to the hostile tribe if they found it out, as they would probably consider the eating of one's own people as cannibalism. And here it may be interesting to those who are interested in culinary matters to say that in Africa the method of cooking plump young girls is to stuff the candidate with bananas as we stuff a fowl and then roast her to a "brown."

As will be seen by the title given above Mr. Jameson embarked on the expedition under the impression that he was naturalist to it. The terms of his agreement with Stanley, however, say nothing of this, merely stating that he shall "Accept any post or position in that expedition which he (Mr. Stanley) may assign to me." And further "serve him loyally and devotedly, to obey all his orders and to use my utmost endeavors to bring the expedition to a successful issue." He further agreed to deposit £1,000 to the credit of the expedition, the same to be forfeited should he leave the expedition through sickness or by his own free will; and also agreed to refrain from publishing any account connected with the expedition in the newspapers or elsewhere until six months after the publication by Stanley, or his representative, of his book.

He was not long allowed to imagine that he had really any scientific position on the expedition. As soon as the real work began we find him speaking of the "gilt being worn off" for him. Stanley also refused him a man to carry his collecting kit, so that whatever collecting he was at liberty to do was done at great inconvenience.

Jameson was an Irishman by birth, and seems to have had that kind-heartedness which is characteristic of his race. United with this was a naturalist's wide sympathies. Several stories, illustrative of the unusual tender-heartedness which characterized him from his earliest youth, are given in the biographical introduction. He was not inexperienced as a traveler, having been on collecting expeditions in Borneo, the Rocky Mountains and South Africa. He was, however, quite ill-adapted to act under Stanley. Stanley had no use for scientists or gentlemen on the expedition. He wanted men who could take a stick and quell a quarrel among the natives with a few raps on various woolly heads. Jameson could not do this, although he could admire a man who could, and he complains that his work is too much like that of a "slave-driver." There was unpleasantness between himself and Stanley from the first, and in August, 1887, he writes thus to his brother:

"As regards myself, the whole trip has been one vast sell. I have not had a single chance the whole time of collecting, drawing or doing anything but the duties of a slave-driver. I have never been on any trip which was so much like a funeral: no fun, all dampness, and this is greatly owing to Stanley himself, for no matter how hard you work, or how well you do a thing, you get no thanks, no encouragement, no cheery words, nothing but blame and hard words from him. I know, to give the devil his due, that his anxiety and worry of mind, besides the immense amount of things he has to think about are immense, but he ought not to be so single-minded and visit it on us poor devils. One cannot help admiring the man for his tremendous strength of will and power of overcoming all difficulties, also for his great pluck, but he is a man one could never make a friend of."

Early in his diary he speaks of Stanley's shameful treatment of Major Barttelot in placing him in command of only the worst men, and throughout he writes with affectionate regard of Barttelot. After that officer's death he writes:

"It is a fearfully sad piece of news to me, for even since we were left alone together at Yambuya Camp, more than a year ago, there has been the closest friendship between us, never so much as a single quarrel. In all difficulties we went to one another for advice, and many a happy picture did we draw of times at home together after all this unlucky expedition was over. He was a straight, forward, honest English gentleman; his only fault being a little too quick-tempered. He loved plain, straight, forward dealing far too much even to get on well with the Arabs. He hated their crafty roundabout way of doing everything, and showed it to them, and, of course, was disliked in turn. He was far too good a man to lose his life in a miserable way like this, and God knows what I shall do without him." The reader must remember that those words were not written as an obituary address, but simply the words of a man commenting in his diary on another man's death. A man guilty of the gross crimes that Stanley charges Barttelot with would hardly have such words written unasked about him by one who had been his comrade for a year and a half.

And a man guilty of the crimes Jameson is charged with would hardly write such words. The trial and execution of Sanga, for the murder of Barttelot, is interesting.

"Sanga was asked if he had anything further to say. He repeated that he had not done it, and had run away because people said he had, and that on the road he had met Muni Somar, who, when he saw him, ran away as fast as he could. Voting papers were then given to Tippu-Tib, Mons. Haneuse, and three other Belgian officers, to mark with a cross if they considered him guilty, and to leave blank if innocent. All five papers were found crossed, so Mons. Haneuse told Sanga he had been found guilty and would be shot. He laughingly replied: 'Well, do it quick.' He was chained to a large log, and when carried outside, said again with a laugh: 'It is all right; the white man is dead; I am going to die too.' He was carried down to the rocks on the shore, where a firing party of six Houssas, at six paces, fired at him and did not kill him; fired a second time and did not kill him. Then one of the Belgian officers ran up with a revolver and fired two shots into his head. Only four bullets had hit him, two in the right breast, one in the knee, and one in the throat, besides the two from the revolver. After the first discharge, when he was hit by some of the bullets, the look he gave us was the most horrible I think I ever saw on a man's face."

A considerable portion of the preface is devoted to pointing out the defects in the evidence of Assad Farran, who had been dismissed on account of his utter uselessness, and of Bonny, Stanley's chief witnesses in his charges against Jameson and Barttelot. Assad Farran's testimony is valueless. Several times in his diary, Jameson mentions that Assad is vilifying him among the natives, and he bore the reputation of a confirmed liar. After reading the Diary it is impossible to believe the charges, but it also makes Bonny's conduct all the more inexplicable. Bonny seems throughout the expedition to have taken a quiet, unobtrusive part. The only difference which he and Jameson seem to have had was on an occasion when Jameson was obliged to assume command over him as instructed by Stanley in his letter of instructions to Barttelot. Although instances are given of Stanley's differences with all his other officers, on no occasion is there any account of Bonny's differing with him. Stanley charges of irresolution against the officers of the Rear Column are probably true. But this is more due to the temperaments of Jameson and Barttelot than anything else. And to give the devil his due Bonny, despite his wilful untruthfulness, when he found that there was nobody to contradict him, was perhaps the best officer on the Rear Column.

Jameson was paralyzed by the death of Barttelot and was undecided as to how to proceed. He tried to arrange with Tippu-Tib for his assistance in finding Stanley but could not come to terms. He at last decided to return to Bagnala for information and help, and as he puts it:

"If I find the reply from the committee to be, 'go on at all hazards' I will return at once and start with the men myself. If I find that it does not tell me to go on at all hazards, I will send Mr. Ward with a telegram to Banana stating my present position." When he reached Bagnala he was lifted out of his canoe almost lifeless. As he was floating along the river to Bagnala he was also floating into the gates of death. His last written words are dated August 13, 1888, and describe a weird night scene on the river. He died on the evening of August 17, at Ward's house at Bagnala. Ward was at his side to the last, and his last words uttered an hour or so before his death, were:

"Ward! Ward! they're coming; listen!" (and as the drums rumbled in the distance) "Yes! they're coming—now let's stand together." He was thinking of the drums calling the savages to fight him, while he drifted down the river past the villages. He is buried on an island opposite Bagnala, one thousand miles from the sea. Although he may have given Stanley much cause for dissatisfaction he was anxious to do his duty. In his last letter to his wife, written a fortnight before he died he speaks of his having in his mind her father's favorite text "Know, O man, that to know and love justice, and to do the thing that is right, that shall bring a man peace at last."

After meeting Bonny and the remnant of the Rear Column Stanley wrote a letter to Jameson, dated August 30, which of course never reached him, in which he says that he and the other officers who turned back must have been demoralized; and says that he considers him a deserter and his £1,000 forfeited; but telling him his route and that he may follow if he wishes.

The book is a valuable contribution to the African question. A review can give but a limited idea of the book. It would take many columns to enter into the pros and cons of Stanley's charges. They cannot be directly disproved, but in Jameson's diary and letters there is evidence which speaks louder than the testimony of men who have been proved untruthful in many matters. The fact of Jameson's failure to meet Stanley's requirements can not excuse the latter's violation of all rules of decency and honor in vilifying the memory of a dead man. In the introduction are quoted some lines which are particularly applicable to the situation:

"Good name in man or woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
Who steals my purse steals trash;
'Tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which nothing enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

TOUCHSTONE.

How He Lost It.

Lady Lecturer on Woman's Rights (waxing warm)—Where would man be if it had not been for woman? (After a pause, and looking around the hall.) I repeat, where would man be if it had not been for woman?

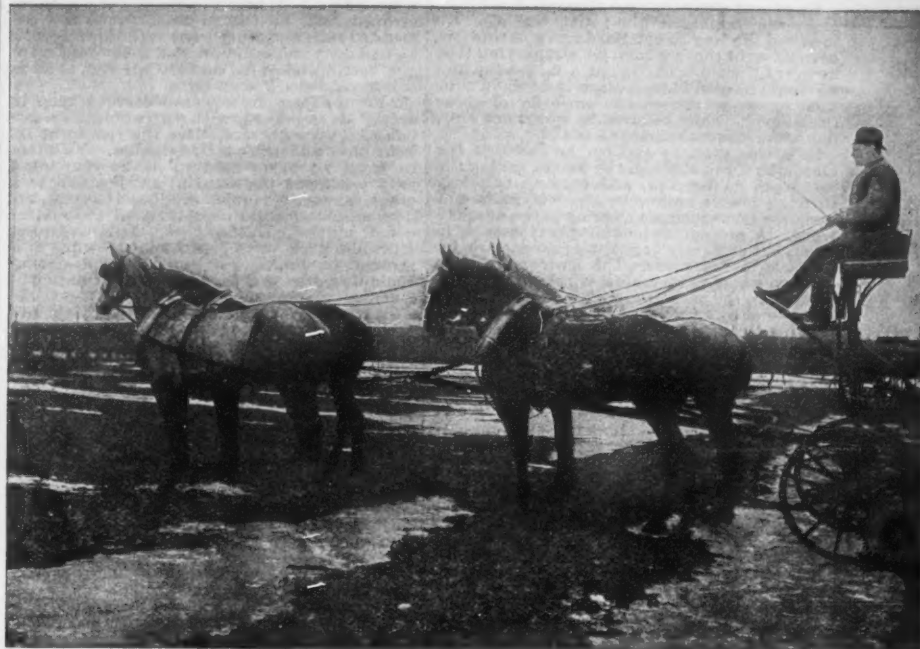
Voice from the gallery—In Paradise, ma'am.

To Be Handled Carefully.

A shrewd old lady cautioned her married daughter against worrying her husband too much, and concluded by saying: "My child, a man is like an egg. Kept in hot water a little while, he may boil soft; but keep him there too long, and he hardens."

The Children's Fresh Air Fund.

W. D. Grand, the most prominent of Canada's horse-dealers, has never done a more graceful thing, and, if I may say so, never a more clever thing, than the giving of a horse show for the benefit of the Children's Fresh Air Fund. As readers of this paper are aware, SATURDAY NIGHT has every year devoted itself to a little collection for the benefit of the youngsters. This year we shall acknowledge, as usual, such contributions as are received. In furtherance of the object, which should be dear to the heart of everyone who



cares to see the little ones, born in poverty and nurtured in misery, given a few days or a few hours of happiness, we reproduce from the handsome catalogue issued by W. D. Grand, a few pictures of the horses which are to appear in the Shaw street Rink next Saturday afternoon and evening. A large number of four-hands, cobs—single and double—and a vast array of handsome horses of every description will be exhibited to the public, and all the funds received will go to the maintenance of what should be everybody's affair, the babies' fresh

tainment which instructs every beholder in what is beautiful in horses, carriages and driving. Very few of us may be able to own or drive such handsome horses as shall be on exhibition, but surely the pleasure of seeing is next to that of owning, and we may congratulate ourselves that it is very much cheaper. Then again, all the dollars that are made will be for the pleasure of the joyless youngsters who, in the season to come, may visit the groves, have a run across the bay, and drink milk and have an unusual lunch. For every fifty cent



air fund. The rink has been fitted up at great expense for the horse fair. Everyone who knows the kindly-mannered and pleasant gentleman who presides at the sales and who will conduct the exhibition, may be sure that W. D. Grand will not let the people go from the exhibition dissatisfied with the most delightful of all entrancing objects, handsome, well driven, and well ridden horses. Few people who may meet W. D. Grand, the low-voiced, spectacled and unobtrusive gentleman, would imagine that he is the leading horse-

ticket bought, five youngsters will have a day of pleasure; for every twenty-five cent ticket half the number will have a sail across the lake, plenty to eat and drink for a day, and a memory of something pleasant for the morrow.

Two Voices.

Voice from Downstairs—Eddie, dear, aren't you going to get up? It's getting late.
Eddie—Yes'm.
Another Voice (five minutes later)—Edward!
Edward—Yes, sir!—Puck.



man in this province. Those who have had dealings with him are always sure that while their own judgment may be at fault and they may choose the wrong horse, they will get just what they are promised. Those who buy horses, like those who marry, may get a prize or merely one fair to look upon and awfully hard to drive. Mr. Grand, in his

Changing the Breed.
"Hello, Hans! What in thunder ails your dog's tail?"
"Well, you see, I was makin' a pointer of dat dog, an' I clips he's tail a leedle, so he can vid it point better, ain't it?"—Judge.

A Dentist's Epitaph.
He is filling his last cavity.—Judge.

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Better Have Said Nothing.
Elderly Aunt—My dear, I have just put you down in my will for \$10,000.
Her Niece—Oh, Auntie, what can I say to thank you! How are you feeling to-day?—*Life.*

Danger.
"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"Out to the Zoo, kind sir," she said.
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"
"They might detain you, sir," she said.
—*N.Y. Sun.*

Her Anxiety.
Maid—Oh, madam, your husband has fallen in a fit on the parlor floor.
Madam—Dear me! Did he break any of the bric-a-brac?—*Burlington Republican.*

The Song of the Spendthrift.
"I'd fully to spend life hoarding up gold
'Tis idle intention from commerce to lock it;
For, as wise men remark—'If you pass, we are told,
No shroud was e'er made with a pocket."
—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: *Sowing the Wind*, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; *A Black Business*, by Hawley Smart; *Violet Vyrlian*, M. E. H., by May Crommelm and J. Moray Brown; *The Rival Princess*, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Reed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by booksellers everywhere.

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TORONTO

Easter Week.

(Continued from Page Two.)

hour waiting on and being served by some of Toronto's pleasantest ladies.

Miss Proudfoot gave a select little tea the same afternoon.

Among various progressive parties I came across the otherday a progressive tiddleywinks party, at Mrs. McFarlane's, 300 Jarvis street. The old nursery game of Flip was the means employed under its newer name of tiddleywinks, and the fun was spontaneous and sustained. Thirty-two guests, were grouped about eight little tables, among whom I saw Mr. and Mrs. Dixon, Mr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mrs. and Mrs. J. Boyd, Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Brush and Mr. and Mrs. Earl. Mrs. Macfarlane is leaving in a few days for a month's visit in New York.

The Misses Ellinor and Edith Rowland, violinists, late of the Boston Conservatory of Music, took prominent part in the Easter evening at Our Lady of Lourdes, Sherbourne street, leading the orchestra.

The Owls will meet to-night at the residence of Mrs. Proctor, 71 Grenville street. The reunion was omitted during Holy week. Next Thursday, April 9, Miss Hettie Hamilton of 202 Jarvis street will receive the birds of wisdom.

An owl has whispered me that some members of the club are arranging for the production of several French comedies, at a closing reunion in May.

Mr. Coutellier whose clever French lectures have delighted so many hundreds of the cultured people of Toronto has arranged to deliver a series of lectures in Bantford, Stratford, Woodstock, etc. We can assure our readers in those cities that a treat is in store for them. Mr. Coutellier's bright sparkling descriptions, happy style, and delightful French are almost enough to transport one to the Boulevards of Paris the beautiful.

The thirty-seventh annual debate of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, to be held in Convocation Hall, Osgoode Hall, on Friday evening, April 10, the chair will be taken at 8 p.m. by Hon. Mr. Justice Falconbridge. An octette from the Glee Club will render two selections, Mrs. Caldwell will sing Theme and Variations, Proch, and The Rainy Day, Damptry. The debate is: Resolved, That the Sound System, outlined by Edward Bellamy in Looking Backward, is, in the main, both practicable and desirable. Affirmative, Mr. J. N. Fish, Mr. B. M. Jones; negative, Mr. T. J. Lee, Mr. J. D. Swanson. Mr. H. W. Steward will recite "A Mock Trial, Hyde v. Morgan."

Mr. C. A. Hirschfelder is in Kentucky exploring the famous mounds of that state. Those who were so much interested in his instructive lecture will expect further information from him soon.

On Wednesday evening last, Rev. Mr. Patterson of Cooke's church united Mr. Alex. Coulter and Miss Bella East, both of this city, in the happy bonds of matrimony. The bride was dressed in lavender silk. Miss Lillie East acted as bridesmaid, and Mr. Alfred East assisted the groom.

Miss Mabel Maclean Helliwell of 54 Brunswick avenue, who took a prize in the Boston Globe's story competition last July, has just been informed that she is again a successful competitor. Miss Helliwell published her first story in the Montreal Witness when but twelve years of age, and she is now but sixteen.

Col. Skinner of Woodstock, who is making a tour of the world, at last accounts had left India for Hong Kong.

Art and Artists.

It is not very generally known that Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, the wife of the English artist of that name, and herself an artist of much ability, is a Canadian lady. Mrs. Forbes was born in Chatham, Ontario, and spent a portion of her youth in Toronto. A recent number of the Queen contains her portrait and a lengthened sketch from which I quote: "Mrs. Stanhope Forbes, who, as Miss Elizabeth Armstrong, has been for some years known in the artistic world as one of our most talented women artists, is a Canadian by birth, and began her first studies in art in New York, under the direction of that brilliant American painter, William M. Chase. After working for a couple of years at the New York Art Students' League, Miss Armstrong went to Munich, urged to this step perhaps by the knowledge that it was at the Academy there that Mr. Chase himself had, as a young man, so successfully prosecuted his studies. Whatever advantages, however, the Bavarian capital might offer to men, Miss Armstrong was not long in discovering that it was not at all a place in which women stood any chance of developing their artistic powers. At the end of five months she had had quite enough of Bavaria, and prepared to depart with much inward thankfulness. Accompanied by her mother, the inseparable companion of all her wanderings, Miss Armstrong next went to Brittany, where she both continued her studies and began the practice of her profession, with the result that she was soon exhibiting in all the principal English galleries. For two years subsequently she worked in London, spending the summer months, however, of one of these years in Holland, at a little village not far from Haarlem. A study of a Dutch peasant, completed during this period, was exceedingly well hung in the Academy of 1886, and added much to her reputation. Then in the summer of that year she resolved to leave London and to go one of those picturesque spots for which our southern coast is famed. It appears that Miss Armstrong had always been a great admirer of Mr. Stanhope Forbes' paintings, and one work of his in particular—the well-known Fish Sale on the Cornish Coast—had aroused in her a strong feeling of enthusiasm. Learning now, through some casual mention in a friend's letter, that it was Newlyn which had furnished the inci-

dents and local coloring for this picture, to Newlyn she herself determined to go. Strangely enough Mr. Forbes and Miss Armstrong had never yet met, although they had frequently stayed in the same place for periods extending over several weeks. It reads then like a fragment of romance, when one has to record, that within three months of Miss Armstrong's arrival in Newlyn she was engaged to be married to Mr. Stanhope Forbes! Mrs. Forbes still continues his art career and is an earnest and careful student. She has painted a number striking figure subject and her Royal Academy picture last year, entitled Mignon, received great praise. She is particularly successful in her pictures of child life.

Last Saturday night was a gala night for that varied and indefinite world known as Bohemia. The newspaper men of the city gave a smoking concert to the artists of the city at the Academy Art Gallery. But although the guests of the evening were the members of the Canadian Academy of Arts and the Ontario Society of Artists, musicians, actors, men-about-town, doctors, lawyers and business men moved about the rooms and past the varied scenes portrayed upon the walls. The entertainment furnished the guests was of a varied character. Mr. Fred Solomon of the Poor Jonathan Company sang a couple of comic songs, and many of our local musicians gave "pony-glasses" of their wares. Mr. Bell-Smith gave a poetical account of My Hat, and two gentlemen gave an exhibition of boxing, and two more one of fencing; and though I have declined the task of naming the various stars of the galaxy that severally and conglomerately shone so brightly, I must make especial mention of Mr. J. A. Radford, who turned his varied talents to a representation of a French count as a sort of supplement to the other performers. The affair was altogether too enjoyable to write about and do justice to.

The Toronto Philharmonic Society

Have pleasure in announcing the special engagement of **CHARLES SANTLEY** Of London, Eng., the Premier Baritone of the World, for their two concerts, APRIL 6 and 7.

Mendelssohn's Oratorio **ELIJAH**, Massenet's Cantata **EVE**, and Miscellaneous Selections.

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Tickets 25c. and 50c. Children Half Price
Come and bring the children.

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Sale will commence promptly each day at 10.15.

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At the New Home.
Mrs. Wickwire—Oh, Henry! And I told you so particularly before you chose a house to be sure the chimneys didn't smoke.
Mr. Wickwire—Well, this one doesn't. Come outside and see for yourself.—Judge.

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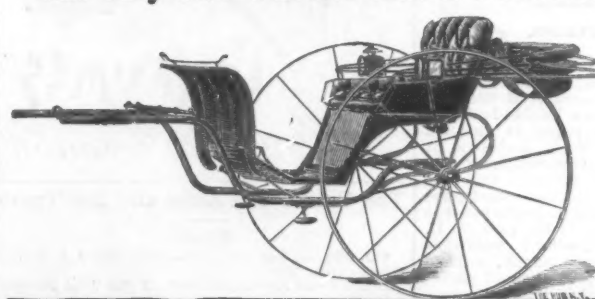
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Office and Recitation Rooms in the CANADA LIFE BUILDING. At the next French literature course, Tuesday, January 27, 8 o'clock, Prof. George Coutellier will talk about: Le Cid de Corneille.

Admission—For pupils of the school, 40c.; for non-pupils, 50c.

Special arrangements will be made for all terms.

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Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

Although the lenten season has closed there are very few social functions heard of so far. On Easter morning the churches all looked beautiful with their artistic decorations, and the musical services were rendered by the different choirs throughout the town.

The church of Ascension had a special musical service in the evening, at which Mrs. Wylie sang a solo which showed the exquisite quality of her voice to great advantage.

Mr. J. H. Stuart of the Bank of Hamilton at Chesley, spent Easter in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis of Toronto spent a few days in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Baldwin of Toronto spent Easter with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Martin.

Mrs. Grant of King street East will give a dance next Wednesday evening.

Mr. Hugh Harbison of Toronto spent Easter in town, also Mr. H. McGilverin.

Mrs. Edward Martin will be at home on Friday afternoon to a number of her friends.

Miss Spratt is spending a few weeks in Toronto with her sister, Mrs. Armour.

SYLVIA.

A Great Dry Goods House.

One of the most prosperous and energetic of the large retail dry goods houses, which are keeping pace with the city's growth, is that of Mr. R. Simpson, at the corner of Yonge and Queen streets. This establishment has been in existence for twenty years, and during that period has experienced a steady growth, until now it has assumed proportions almost mammoth. A visit to Mr. Simpson's extensive warerooms, with their piles of dainty and luxurious goods and crowds of bustling employees and customers, is an entertaining sight, indicating well the immense amount of business transacted. Among the goods of which this firm carries a large and varied stock are carpets. There are beautiful Tapestries, Brussels, Wiltons and Balmorals, are imported direct from England. In this category may also be included a complete line of floor cloths, linoleums, etc. The stock of lace curtains carried by this house would be difficult to surpass. Nottingham, Swiss and Brussels curtains of many designs and excellent qualities are comprised in it. There is also a most complete assortment of Turcoman portiers and everything in that line. The mantle department is filled with the very latest styles from the European markets, and of every quality from the richest class of embroidered goods to the more substantial and less showy workaday jacket. Beside the mantle department is a well-lighted millinery show room in which ladies will find the most dainty and tasteful productions on the market. On this department, goods are manufactured on the premises and every care is taken to give purchasers satisfaction. Mr. Simpson has stocked his dress goods department with an immense stock of seasonable stuffs in every line, beautiful silks, dainty prints, delicate satens and an infinite variety to select from. Everything is excellent and the most fastidious can be suited. Among some of the other lines contained in this immense establishment, embracing four storeys in height, are tweeds, shoes, fancy goods, books, stationery, etc. An elevator carries customers to the upper floors, and everything is made as convenient as possible.

Books and Magazines.

The Canadian reader of the *Atlantic* for April will probably turn first to the continuation of Francis Parkman's account of the capture of Louisbourg by the New England militia. Another most interesting paper is entitled Goethe's Key to Faust, by W. P. Andrews, in which is included a new translation of the Arcangel's song, in many respects the best that has been made. Mr. Stockton continues his amusing serial, and there is published the first part of a two-part story by the late W. D. O'Connor. Mr. Clinton Scollard publishes another oriental poem of some length, entitled Easter-eve at Kerak Moab; other short poems include the names of T. S. Collier and Dr. Parsons. Other interesting articles are, The Muses in the Common School, by Mary E. Burt; Prehistoric Man on the Pacific Slope, by G. F. Wright, and Arnold Winkelried at Sempach, by W. D. McCracken. The book reviews and the Contributors' Club are as enjoyable as usual.

The principal feature of the April *Lippin's* is the complete novel, *Maidens Choosing*, by the famous authoress, Ellen Olney Kirk. Some Familiar Letters by Horace Greeley, and The Elizabethan Drama, and the Victorian Novel, by T. D. Robb, are also interesting. Several short poems and literary articles are included and Yarns About Diamonds fulfills its name.

To readers of *Ibsen* it may be of interest to note that in the March *Contemporary Review* is published a poetical translation of a scene from *Brand*. It is occasionally most dramatic, and is a rare treat to those who have enjoyed the great Northman only through the translations of his prose dramas.

Messrs. McKendry & Co., who since moving into their elegant new store, No. 202 Yonge street, are taking advantage of all the first-class advertising mediums to let the ladies of Toronto know what they have to sell. A SATURDAY NIGHT reporter visited the store yesterday and found the scores of clerks and saleswomen busy as bees serving hundreds of customers. The appointments of the store are as nearly perfect as such things can be got. An elevator takes ladies to the lace curtain rooms, mantle room and millinery show room. The latter is decidedly one of the most tasteful in our fair city. Our lady readers can pay this firm a visit feeling satisfied that they will be well served.

It's a Poor Rule That Won't Work Both Ways.

Alice Denning, the daughter of a Williams-bridge dairy farmer, is just five years old, and her baby brother, not yet christened, has owned an identity exactly the same number of weeks. As is customary under such circumstances, Alice viewed the infant's advent with marked disapproval, and listened with gloomy silence when her mother endeavored to arouse her interest and satisfy her curiosity by telling her that the little boy had been found lying under a currant bush, where the good fairies had placed him. Her father even showed her the bush, behind the barn, where the child had been discovered.

Alice remembered that last spring a bluebird had hatched out a family in the orchard. She had taken one of the young birds, while it was still in a state of nudity, and brought it into the house, but Mrs. Denning had made her take it back to the nest and restore it to its parents. She had committed that lesson faithfully to heart.

Yesterday morning the baby disappeared. Luckily babies of that age are soon missed, and as he was not in the house Mrs. Denning, in great alarm, went out to find Alice, thinking that the little girl had taken him. Alice was cautiously peeping around the corner of the barn, intently watching the currant bush that her father had pointed out to her, and under its boughs, where the fairies had formerly deposited him, the baby, well wrapped up in a blanket, was lying asleep on the snow. Alice admitted that she had placed him there, hoping that his first guardians would take him back, as the bluebird had received its returned nestling last year.

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Births.

ELLIOTT—At Fort Erie, on March 28, Mrs. J. L. Gordon Elliott—a daughter.

DUFFIE—At Toronto, on March 12, Mrs. John Duffie—a daughter.

BODEN—At Toronto, on March 26, Mrs. N. H. Boden—a daughter.

RENFREW—At Toronto, on March 29, Mrs. Allan E. Renfrew—a son.

TESKEY—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. W. Rufus Teskey—a son.

FURNIVAL—At Toronto, on March 28, Mrs. A. W. Furnival—a son.

HOPPER—At Toronto, on March 30, Mrs. William George Hopper—a son.

HENNING—At Toronto, on March 31, Mrs. H. K. S. Henning—a daughter.

CLARK—At Toronto, on March 23, Mrs. Nicholas J. Clark—a daughter.

Marriages.

CROWLEY—OVEREND—On March 27, William Crowley to Annie Overend of St. Catharines, Ont.

CHALMERS—BROWN—At Toronto, on March 26, James Chalmers of Shelburne to Collina Grace Brown of Nottawa.

HODGINS—BURGES—At Christ Church, Hawke-Point, India, on the 17th January, by Rev. A. N. Spens, senior chaplain, Charles Richard Hodgins, Lieutenant R. A., son of Thomas Hodgins, Q. C., Toronto, to Almira Gertrude, eldest daughter of Col. Burgess, Royal Artillery.

SPENCE—PATTERSON—At Buffalo, N. Y., on March 28, Thomas A. Spence to Mrs. Martha Patterson (Adams), both of Toronto.

ARBUCKLE—PICKEN—At Toronto, on March 31, Matthew Arbuckle of Kilmarnock, Scotland, to Jennie M. Picken.

DEVINS—HENDERSON—On March 30, Isaac N. Devins of Toronto to Hattie J. Henderson of Hollin.

Deaths.

WESTON—At Louisville, Ky., on March 22, Charles W. Weston, Inspector Guarantees Company of North America, formerly of Toronto.

DAVIS—At Davisville, on March 30, John Davis, J.P., aged 73 years.

FORD—At Toronto, on March 28, Mrs. L. C. Ford, aged 40 years.

GRANGE—At Whitby, on March 30, Victor Gensad Grange, aged 13 years.

MCCLINTON—On March 28, Mrs. Ann McClinton, aged 88 years.

COLTER—At Toronto, on March 31, George Joseph Colter.



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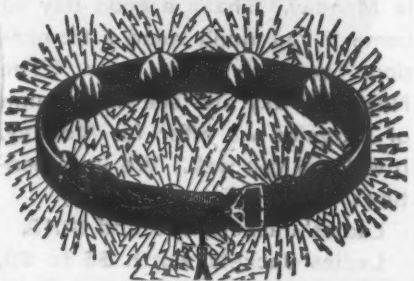
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